THE FOG-HORN 漁長

CARMEL CYMBAL

Vol. 6 • No. 13 CARMEL, CALIFORNIA • MARCH 19, 1937 5 CENTS

SAYS THE EDITOR

WHY THIS EDITION TO PON CHUNG

Why this special edition?

The answer to that one is easy. Pon Chung.

Why Pon Chung?

There you've got us. We don't know why Pon Chung.

We don't know, either, why the pine trees, or the sea lions, or the beach, or Bert Heron.

God put them here, and they're part of us. God put Pon Chung here, acting, we suppose, vicariously through Buddha, but He works in a mysterious way His wonders to perform.

And from where we sit, right this unblessed minute, we look upon what to us *is* just as much a wonder as the pine trees, the sea lions, the beach and, yes, Bert Heron. Through our open door, across the top of a concrete wall, and through another open door, we can see, in the shadows of his somewhat dingy castle, a little yellow man with black mustaches, agilely wielding chop sticks with a grace that has been spun by the centuries.

Pon Chung slaughters his rice with the weapons of his ancestors.

Now the chopsticks and the bowl are gone and Pon Chung moves in the shadows of his sacred realm. Again he is back in his chair and now his graceful fingers touch a flame to the end of a long thick stem of a pipe. A shaft of light from the open door falls on that figure, drawing peace in smoke through a reed.

Pon Chung dreams his dreams in the clouds of his ancestors.

Then, out of that steps the Chinaman that Carmel knows. Out of that is fashioned the broad smile that Carmel knows; the spontaneous greeting for anyone who will accept it. Pon Chong has begun his day at noon, a day that will end not much before dawn. But in between that noon and that nearly dawn he will spread his smiles, his good cheer, his innocent banter, his amusingly pompous succor to the heavy-laden, his peculiar, unrestrained joy in life.

For seventeen years this has been going on in Carmel. For seventeen years Pon Chung has been going on. And for those seventeen years a man, a Chinaman, has been living, working, dawdling, manifesting a simple generosity of spirit among us, with a malice toward none of us, an unassuming charity toward all of us, and a consistent, unaltering integrity that should shame so many of us.

He may not be a poet, but he is

(Continued on Page Two)

WE KNOW WHO PON CHUNG IS, BUT WHAT WAS HE AND WHENCE CAME THIS CHINAMAN?

To the people who have known Carmel for a long time, there have been three characters who have constituted the imponderables of the village. Gus and Pon and Pal. Like the luminiferous ether, their weight in the hearts and councils of their fellow men has been incalculable. The pregnability of all other things appears possible. But it is most unlikely that any claimant but one could impoverish the streets and the familiar places of the town of these three. That one took Gus last year. And the three-score-and-ten of a dog's life seem, lately, to weigh somewhat on the wag of Pal's tail. When he turns his ugly grimace to that unfamiliar smell, there will be only Pon left.

And Pon—may his ancestors rest—is in his prime. This is his forty-second birth year, his seventeenth annual journey with the sun in Carmel, and the twenty-ninth anniversary of his sojourn in the land of the setting sun. But at the celebration of his fifteenth day, the diviner was called in by his august parents, Pon Wi and Kan Shi, and it was found that neither fire nor water were present in the five elements that made up the little Pon Chung—metal, wood, water, fire and earth—and that was good. He would neither drown nor burn. And being thus fashioned of metal, wood and earth, his continued survival seems assured.

Pon was born in the Province of Canton, in the twentieth year of the Kuang Hsu period of the Ch'ing Dynasty. Whether or not Kan Shi wished a boy, there is now no way of knowing. Perhaps she went to the diviner with her supplication:

"Divine for me my dreams
What dreams are lucky?
They have been of bears and grisly bears;
They have been of cobras and other serpents.
The chief diviner will divine them.
The bears and grisly bears
Are the auspicious intimations of sons.
The cobras and other serpents
Are the auspicious intimations of daughters."

It is certain, however triumphant the bears and the grisly bears were shortly to be, that Kan Shi went to the Temple of Niang Niang Shen and tied a red cord around the neck of one of the clay dolls in the Hall of Numerous Children, and made her petitions and her promises.

When Pon was three days old, he

(Continued on Page Eighteen)

\+ + +

ALL CHINESE CHARACTERS USED ARE AUTHENTIC

All the C[illegible] characters [illegible] issue of THE CYMBAL are au[illegible] They were [illegible]ally "brushed" by an educated Chinese in San Francisco especially for us, and transferred to linoleum blocks by Bill Kneass. The blocks were then cut by Kneass and Dorothea Castelhun.

On Page One the first two characters read Pon Chung. To the right of Sybil Anikeyev's camera portrait of him is his complete name, Chung Lung Pong. In the story leads the characters are all true as well as in all the ads. Most of the symbols used are those of Pon Chung's name. In the Comstock, Murphy, Carmel Realty and Carmel Land Company ads the characters spell the names of the respective concerns. At the head of the Carmel Land ad the characters read: "The Blessings of Heaven Upon Pon Chung." The column headings are also in true Chinese, "Clanging Cymbals," "Carmel Capers," "Dog Days," "Poet and Peasant," etc.

CARMEL TURNS DOWN AID TO AIRPORT

When Carmel residents use the Monterey airport at Del Monte hereafter they will have to enter airplanes with heads bowed and identity hidden. Carmel refuses to contribute its share toward the completion of the field and the hangar.

At Wednesday night's meeting of the council, Councilman James H. Thoburn was forced to withdraw his motion for the appropriation of $860 when it failed of a second. Mayor Everett Smith declined to second it after Councilmen Clara Kellogg and Bernard Rowntree had expressed their opposition to the contribution. Councilman Burge was absent.

Miss Kellogg's action was consistent with her opinion expressed nearly a month ago when the mat[illegible]s first brought up on an ap[illegible]om Monterey to Carmel to [illegible] pro-rata share with Monte[illegible] and Pacific Grove of the bal[illegible]ce needed to complete the airport. But Bernard Rowntree had changed his mind by Wednesday night and left Thoburn out on a limb with his motion.

This rather peeved Thoburn and well it might. He had previously withheld his motion for the appropriation because Councilman Kellogg and Burge had asked more time for consideration. He had at that time three votes for the contribution, but felt that it was cricket to give all members of the council a chance to give the matter desired consideration. Rowntree's action Wednesday night showed him that you can't be polite and considerate when you want to put things through the council.

\+ + +

Fu-hi, first historical emperor of China, invented the natural philosophy of "male and female principles"—making all good things and good qualities male, the not-so-good female.!

PAID FIREMEN RESOLUTION PASSED IN COUNCIL

Carmel is to have two paid firemen.

The city council so voted Wednesday night.

To complete the picture, it also received from its fire chief, Robert G. Leidig, in Phoenix, Arizona, where he is vacationing, his congratulations for so acting. The congratulations were read by City Clerk Saidee Van Brower about three-quarters of a minute after the council had adopted the resolution for the two paid men. If Chief Bob's speed in congratulatory messages is any indication of what the rejuvenated fire department is going to do in the matter of extinguishing fires, you'd better jump out of the way as soon as you set one.

The action of the council was on a three-to-nothing vote. Councilman Thoburn, still smarting under the smacking he had a few minutes previously received in the matter of the airport appropriation, refused to vote. He tried to gum up Rowntree's fire department move by demanding delay until the return to the city of Councilman Burge. That wasn't such a big idea, either, because he knew there were three votes for the fire department, Burge or no Burge. But he was stubborn about it and held on, even through the voting period when he responded to his name on the roll call, "Not voting."

But we are to have two paid firemen. A "senior" fire engine driver will get $140 a month to start, and if he makes good and doesn't steal the equipment, a maximum of $185 to be gained at the end of twelve years. A "junior" fire engine driver at $120 a month with a chance to draw down $165 in 12 years.

The matter of whether each or both is or are to work for Chief of Police Robert Norton in spare moments between fires is to be threshed out in the none-too-welcome future. Our bet is that Norton will be out of luck. After all, a fireman is a fireman.

Councilman Rowntree asked that the council meet on March 1 so that he could submit his appointments for the two jobs, to be acted on and the men get on the job when the new fire house is put into operation on the next dawn. It was so voted.

In the matter of prospective candidates for the jobs, THE CYMBAL went to heavy expense to locate Pon Chung in one of Jackson street's best little gambling joints. A long distance communication brought forth this renunciation of permanent paid employment on the fire department:

"Me iron, me make beds, me cook, me go here, me go there. Many people he need Pon Chung. Me welcome stlanger inside wickets. I have neither the time nor the inclination to withdraw my services from the community in general to confine my attentions specifically to any exacting office, particularly one as confining as this position of permanent, remunerated member of the Carmel Fire Department."

We hung up.

every day fashioning a rhythm of human kindness. He may not be a statesman, but every day he is strengthening laws for the common good. He may not be a general but every day he is marshaling the forces of tolerance and brotherly love.

What goes on in the Oriental sphere of that uptutored consciousness we of the Occident have no eyes to see, no minds to understand, but the wisdom of the ages has come down to bless Carmel in the twinkling eyes and the laughing mouth of this heathen—Chung Pon Lung.

+

WHAT OUR VOLUNTEER FIREMEN AND OUR PON CHUNG DO

They don't get any money for it. They don't even always get a thrill as a reward. Unless you can call being yanked out of a warm bed to go smother a blaze in someone's ash can much of a thrill. And when the thrill is there and a real worthwhile conflagration to be fought, there is plenty of danger, plenty of chances for breaking a leg or burning a good right hand whose owner needs it for his day-time job. But luckily for the rest of us our V. F. D. and Pong Chung promptly every time to that loud hair-raising wail when it rises on the quite night air, and after we're sure it isn't our house that's ablaze we can snuggle down again knowing that the fire will be fought just as eagerly and effectively as if we were paying taxes to maintain a professional fire department. The volunteers take the same risks and do the same work as paid firemen.

Yet there are a quarter of a million men in the country who make up the roll calls of 12,000 volunteer fire departments. And don't think they go at this flame-beating business in any careless hit or miss fashion. There are fire-schools all over the country, summer and extension courses at various colleges and ex-fire chiefs traveling around as instructors in certain areas. There's a lot more to it than fooling with a hose and shooting a stream of water at a blazing building!

What the volunteer firemen is up against and some of the scientific methods he is being taught, as well as some of the fun he has when things are quiet—all this, which seems particularly pertinent now when our own V. F. D. is asking for a little help to keep on the job day and night, makes an interesting article by Henry Morton Robinson, "Buckett Brigade, Modern Style," published in Reader's Digest for February. If you overlooked it—but on second thought does anyone overlook any articles in Reader's Digest? Better put it, if you don't happen to read Reader's Digest, it's worth looking up. And then again, is there anyone who doesn't read Reader's Digest? Well, anyhow, the volunteer firemen deserve all the publicity and recognition we can give them.

+

LET'S RE-PAINT OUR GOOD STREET SIGNS

Let's paitn up our faces—it's getting along toward summer and our galaxy of guests.

There are many things the visitors gaze at and marvel about on Ocean avenue. Many things they think oh so whimsical. One of these is our street signs.

They are not whimsical; they are decorative and attractive. But right now they have a somewhat dingy appearance. They need paint. A renewal of paint. No new color, but the same soft green and blue, but they need it.

The street signs — designating Ocean avenue a ship; the side streets, a short friexe of pine trees —were one of the good works of Phil Nesbitt, instigated, or suggested by Bernice Fraser. Both contributions were commendable to the highest degree. They should have the renewed tribute of renewed paint.

Will the city fathers give consideration to this?

—W. K. B.

+ + +

Milton Latham is spending much of his time these days in Fresno where he is superintending the building of a home which he designed for Gene Thompson.

Dated Catalogue Fixes Age of Old Corner

There has been some duscussion, a bit of it more or less acrid, as to when the so-called Staniford corner building first lifted its none-too-handsome frame skyward. Age of the building, in the guess of the corner arguer, has ranged from 35 years to 65. Some declare that they know and others say they are certain.

The fact is that the building, which is now being moved over to the Plaza Fuel lot on Junipero and Sixth street, was erected some time prior to 1903 and probably four or five years prior.

Evidence that it is at least 35 years old come Whitsunday was discovered by Fred Leidig and no less a personage than the editor of THE CYMBAL yesterday afternoon. The eagle eye of the editor saw a faded piece of printed paper far under the already risen floor of the structure. Leidig risked his life by crawling in under after it. It proved to be a paint catalogue, and in letters a good quarter of an inch high, bore the date: "Wednesday, March 18, 1903." Fred Leidig claims to know that it was built four years prior to the depositing of the paint catalogue under the floor.

There was also picked up in the excavation made to facilitate moving the building, a postal card, addressed very plainly to Dr. J. E. Beck and bearing the postmark: "October 11, 1905."

Also there was a piece from a page of the San Francisco *Call*, bearing a picture of Francis J. Heney, and quoting him as saying: "If I'm going to be shot again, I'll be shot from in front." The paper was dated February 16, 1909.

+ + +

Chinese is the only living language in which certain pictures have survived and still mean what they meant in the beginning.

You can subscribe for THE CYMBAL at our Ocean avenue office—with The Carmel Investment Company, Ocean avenue, south side, just west of San Carlos street. It's $1 a year.

FILMARTE PHONE 403

TONIGHT
SAT. & SUN.
Matinee Saturday and Sunday at 2:30

Filmed in the beautiful Tyrolean Alps
"TWO SOULS"
WITH GUSTAV FROEHLICH
(English Titles)

MOVED!

THE CARMEL INVESTMENT CO.
Barnet J. Segal

IS NOW ON OCEAN AVENUE NEAR MISSION
JUST WEST OF POST OFFICE
TEL. CARMEL 63

TAXI DAY OR NIGHT CALL 15
PARCELS DELIVERY
Sightseeing Trips anywhere—17-mile Drive, Big Sur, Carmel Valley, Scenic Drive, Carmel Point, Point Lobos, Highlands
RIDE IN A PACKARD...IT COSTS NO MORE
JOE'S TAXI
OCEAN AVENUE & LINCOLN • NEXT TO THE LIBRARY
Carmel-Monterey Stage Office • Telephone 15

YES . . . I HAVE MOVED, TOO!

But my New England sagacity tells me to stick as close as possible to the old well sweep. So, while my new shop is being built for me by Fred Leidig, I've moved, bag and baggage, shop and all,

BACK OF McDONALD DAIRY

My entrance, at the present time, is just south of the dairy, down the alley

C. W. WENTWORTH
Carmel's Shoe Repairer

Spring Fashion Show
AND
DINNER DANCE

+

TO-NIGHT
in the Bali Room

+

All creations by I. Magnin & Company. Fashion Show starts promptly at 9:00 p.m. Please make reservations early

DINNER DANCE $2.50 INCLUDING FASHION SHOW.
FOR THOSE NOT DINING, COVER CHARGE IS $1.00

Hotel Del Monte

We could make
番長
Look like a White Man

but we like him better as he is

HOWEVER,
NO MATTER HOW WELL YOU LOOK—

our splendid new
SPRING ARRIVALS
will make a new man of you

Imelman's
SPORTWEAR SHOP

Pon Chung Takes His First Airplane Ride as Guest of 'The Cymbal' and Is Lost in San Francisco

This is Pon Chung and his broad grin just as he is about to enter the cabin of the Condor Air Transport at Del Monte for his gift trip to San Francisco

You haven't seen Pon Lung Chung about the streets of Carmel these past few days, have you? Reason enough!

No, it wasn't that we feared some other suddenly and surprisingly enterprising periodical would steal him and our stuff along with him. No, we haven't been hiding him. He'll be on hand this morning with his broad grin.

But the explanation of his absence for the past few days is that he was up in the air. Far up in the air.

Pon Chung had never taken an airplane ride and we decided that if we were going to use him as shamefully as we have in this edition of THE CYMBAL, the least we could do would be to satisfy his longing for an air trip.

So, through the courtesy of the Condor Lines, which operate between San Francisco and the Monterey airport at Del Monte, we were able to pay Pon Chung for the liberties we are taking with him.

But, there is more than just an air trip to the story. We had a hard time getting him off and as hard a time getting him back again.

He started last Monday, but he didn't get far. He got as far as Gilroy, or a mile or two above Gilroy, when the Condor pilot decided that the weather was such and such and being such and such would make landing at Mills Field or at Alameda difficult. The Condor lines Alameda difficult. The Condor line does not take chances of any kind and as a result it has a perfect record for more than a year of regular flights between here and San Francisco.

So the pilot turned back. And what a surprise we got out of it. When we last saw Pon Chung on Monday, or what we thought would be the last time we were to see him on Monday, he was waving at us and grinning at us from the cabin of the Condor plane some hundreds of feet above our heads.

Then, having what we consider fittingly and most tearfully bidden him and two delicious young women, Libby Ley and June Oppen, her sister, a fond adieu, we accelerated back to Carmel.

We hesitated at the post office, fought off insistent advertisers for fifteen minutes or more, and then drove to the office. We alighted to be reluctantly greeted by Pon and Libby and June, to say nothing of the Condor pilot, safely ensconced in the back of Libby's car. (We say "safely" because even though Libby was at the wheel, the car was standing still.)

So that was our first try. Tuesday morning things were better and Pon and Libby and June got away. Libby returned to the fold Wednesday, but without June and Pon. We got a satisfactory explanation of where June was, but none regarding Pon. Then, late Wednesday afternoon, we answered a long distance call from San Francisco. We heard the operator say: "Deposit 90 cents please for the first three minutes." Then "Ello, Cymbal, I no come. I stay San Francisco. Goo-bye."

That was Wednesday.

Come Thursday and 3 o'clock Thursday afternoon and one of our lieutenants speeds over to the Del Monte airport to pick up Pon Chung, bring him back to Carmel and present him to the Carmel firemen who planned to honor him at the last little banquet they are to have in the old fire house.

Lieutenant returns sans Pon Chung. He didn't arrive. The airplane pilot knows nothing of him. He has disappeared. San Francisco and its pitfalls have closed about him.

What to do?

The Pon Chung Edition of THE CYMBAL and no Pon Chung?

Unthinkable!

And yet—

The telephone again. Pon Chung at the ferry building in San Francisco.

"No one come," he says. "I here in San Francisco. Why no come? What do?"

It was necessary to explain to Pon Chung that the ferry building was no airport; that he should have taken the boat to the Alameda pier where he would have been met and taken to the Condor field. But it was too late.

"Come home by train," we instructed frantically. "But come home. THE CYMBAL needs you. Your rice bowl in the little house down here misses you. Carmel misses you. Come home."

So, the last word was that Pon Chung was to take the train and get here somehow. But he missed the firemen's dinner, and we miss telling you his reactions on his airplane trip.

Too—oo bad. Kum—ooc no come.

\+ + +

A famous Chinese play of the Mongol dynasty (13th century) called "Hsi Hsiang Chi" or the Story of the Western Pavilion, contains in its introduction the warning: "If any one ventures to call this book indecent, he will certainly have his tongue torn out in hell."

\+ + +

The first emperor of China was Fu-hi who lived from 2852 to 2738 B. C. Some accounts make him supernatural and pictures of him give him a kind of mermaid tail.

\+ + +

"A picture is a voiceless poem" is an old saying in China.

SAM ROBERTS IS HERE

WITH A

Selection of

LOVELY FOXES AND FUR COATS

謹謝

AND HE CAN GET FOR YOU ANY IDEA YOU MAY HAVE IN FURS

Anna Katz

OCEAN AVENUE

Opposite the Bank

WE SELL
WE RENT

THE BEST THERE IS IN

Carmel

PROPERTY

HOMES

PHILIP WILSON JR.

PHILIP WILSON BUILDING

OCEAN AVE. AND DOLORES

CARMEL 167

賽狗

鐃钹鏗鏘

By LYNDA SARGENT

Belatedly, we learned about Soil Erosion Week. Not that we could have done much about it, even had we known of it far, far in advance. But we do fancy our taste for dirt—good, clean dirt, you know—and could possibly have worked up some sort of passion for improving our own somewhat rutty topsoil. Our sense of negligence in this matter is considerably mollified, however, by the stirring realization that our pet Soil Erosion Project goes on—without any help from us, but ever with our benediction—day by day, hour after hour, as the second-hand of our watch meets the challenge of Time itself. The Erosion of W. Winchell.

+

Somewhat in the dubious service of Carmel-by-the-Sea, it is our lot to be in the office of THE CYMBAL at the oddest hours—and some of the even ones. In spite of our virtual adoration of our editor, we have to admit that he will conk down on us in this matter of copy. Thus, if we are able to rip a chit off the keyboard at 3:17 A.M. we do not hesitate, but, clambering into our wagon, we rush up to the office, feeling pretty smart at that. Now we aren't afraid of much, but there is that silly little alley down back, that leads to our office door and at 3:17 A.M. it's plenty dark there. First, there are two great trees behind which homicidal maniacs are likely, at any moment, to be lurking. Then comes a bush, just big enough for a bandit. And then a space of shadows—nothing but moving, living, umbrageous forms, into which, on account of the bricks coming out of the walk, we feel likely to fall any minute. Which is a funny thing—falling into a shadow. Anyhow, you can see that by the time we have attained the door, we practically unlock it with our hands behind our back, and in a high state of moral desudation. Limp, you understand; and dampish.

The first time this happened, we made the door without misadventure and were just preparing our morale for the return trip, when a rummaging about set up just outside. We confess to being alarmed. We reasoned it all out, the way you do, you know, not flattering ourself that one might have so-called carnal designs on us, not that even the most desperate could possibly be optimistic about our purse. Yet, we did almost call Mr. Robert Norton.

Then it came to us that our fiend outside was no other than Pon. Blessed, nocturnal Pon, fussing about among the pots of his ancestors, brewing things. Pon, his whiskers ready to rise in our defense. Perhaps we should not carry this any farther, since he also has a passion for putting things out. But now we feel safe and warm in our alley.

Next time we see the polls open, we shall slip in and vote a majority of times to give Pon the other badge of civic honor. Couldn't you just loan him an old one, Bob?

+

We do not really know whether any theory has been advanced as to why Mr. Chung likes rushing about to all the fires. But we can't help remembering the refrain of one of Irene Franklin's old songs, a lament of a fireman's wife:

"The may go to bed in red flan-
elette
But they always get rescued in pink
georgette.
And when Bill turns the hose on
and that stuff gets wet . . .
Oh my . . .oh my . . .oh my . . . !"

+

FOR SALE
"The Piano
Presented to Richard Wagner
by
King Ludwig II
of Bavaria

For ten years, between 1864 and 1874, this was Richard Wagner's own and only piano. On it he finished "Tristan and Isolde," composed "Siegfried" and "Gotterdammerung" and sketched the first drafts of "Parsifal" . . ."

Go softly there, ye terrible, true shades—where W. & J. Sloane have put your cradle up for barter. It is not meet that ye should turn your heads from all the elements and from the vast roving of your tenebrous souls. But, for us, who have only a little imagination, we conjure up your great sire. We see him seated there, troubled and profane, stamping his feet at you; pounding you with ugly hands; drawing out from you reluctantly, the slow beat of his own anguish. We see him mounting you in triumph, as a victorious chevetaine goes out upon his horse. We see him finger you with sadness when the great sadness comes. We think of him as being with you always, "Umquhill in plesure and prosperitie, Umquhill in pane and greit penuritie."

+

It looks to us as if we women want our men back—and on their terms. When we begin wearing gold brocade Chinese villages up and down our kidneys—that is, on our corsets, or flexees, as you will—it must be a Sign. And the ruffles in the bosom; the crinoline in the skirts—yea, verily; and Oh my! and fiddle-dee-dee, the nighties! Wondrously conceived to abet over-population, they sweep and titillate; they whisper, even as they whisper, even as they run, the motto of the current vogue; "*suivez-moi, Jeune Homme.*"

Beginning at the bottom, like that, you go on to petticoats. And then you run smack into Anna Katz, with a frou frou and an elegant swish. That Schiaperelli hand-painted organza, with its periphery over somewhere on the horizon as you walk and its wings out front made us remember all too well the nights beneath the moon at the Lido—and a late lobster thermidor; and the Atlantic, swishing its own skirts. Ah me!

Lanvin has a stitched sheer right here at Mrs. Katz's place too, believe us or no. Black, with a *Louis Quatorze* shoulder. It has that adroit expression of a trailleur, until you get the shoulders in, and then, la, la. Madame, you dropped your fan—may I? You could put a great blazing taffeta petticoat underneath and fling out your arms with a bangle and you're off. Oh, quite off. *Suivez-moi, Jeune Homme.*

Marquisette, with a real lace bolero—we warn you of this Spanish ammunition, sirs—and that, also, done by the First Lady of the Mode, (Schiaperelli, naturally) The Madame Bovary frock. Will you come into my parlor?

A white bengaline jacket for after dark—was it our grandmother's bosom or her parlor furniture that was done all up in bengaline? colors of Johnnie the macaw, surreptitiously accourted in frills and belts and gadgets to make men enquire—which is the first law of homodynamics; a white faille sharkskin for that feeling of purity; a gase wool suit, thin and dry.

Such lovely small things—every day—with the unveiled brilliance of 1937. A rough crepe, with bolero in the Sung Dynasty red and a perfect swooff of a sash.

Pon Chung Carmel Prize Greeter

It has often been said that "Carmel is different." Pon Chung is one of the few characters in this queer but delightful little village who lends merit to that claim to distinction. He represents, as an individual, the proper degree of unobtrusive friendliness that permits the full joy of acquaintance without intrusion. It was while we were yet new in the village and gazing admiringly at one of the shop windows that we were greeted and welcomed to Carmel, by Pon Chung, with a hearty "Hello! Plittly dless, eh?" Then he told us, in his inimitable way, how he had come all the way from Canton just to live in Carmel and how much he liked Carmel and that we too would be happy here.

He abounded with such enthusiasm that we, filled with occidental skepticism, thought him just another realtor; but he modestly informed us that he was a fireman and graciously accepted our pardon. Then, lest we harbor any further doubt as to his standing in the community, he escorted us across the street to the corner drug store and showed us a postal card with his picture.

This was surprising and very interesting, but what we liked best of all was the joy he carried with his presence. When we entered the drug store a discussion was in progress and judging from the dour expression on the disputants' faces it was bordering perilously near an argument. As soon as Pon Chung was noticed countenances brightened, differences of opinion were cast aside and laughter and cheerful banter prevailed. To be able to give joy and make life more pleasant for others and never to hurt or offend is a rare gift. It is fitting that THE CYMBAL should clang for Pon Chung.

—FRANK TOWNSEND

+ + +

Not to Mention The Unicorn

Quite by accident the other day we ran across an account of a most surprising person and lo and behold he turns out to be an ancestor of one of our distinguished Carmel residents mentioned elsewhere in this issue.

This estimable gentleman, by name P'an Ku, was of the F.F.C. (First Family of China). He grew six feet in stature every day and one of his projects, which took him 1800 years to complete, was the arranging of the planetary system. (And a nice job he did of it, too . . . ask any of the boys up at Lick.) P'an Ku had four household pets that amused him so much that he bequeathed them to his descendants. They were a dragon, a phoenix, a tortoise and a unicorn. Our illustrious Carmel resident received them in his turn and brought them to Carmel with him. He kept them in his back yard for some time and then turned them loose on Ocean avenue. You can see them wandering up and down most any hour of the day . . . etaoishrdl hour of the day . . . the dragon, the phoenix, and the tortoise . . . not to mention the unicorn.

—VIRGINIA SCARDIGLI

"—AND TRICKS THAT ARE VAIN"

WE HAVE A TRICK ABOUT SERVING DELICIOUS FOOD

WE MAY BE VAIN BUT THE TRICK ISN'T. IT WORKS!

潘龍長

SADE'S
CARMEL-ETA INN
and you should see our tap room

We may have

DESTROYED A LANDMARK

. . . but it was rather an ugly one

WE ARE REPLACING IT WITH

A Modern Building

EVEN PON CHUNG WILL APPRECIATE

For the noise we'll make and
the annoyance we will cause
you in the next few months
we ask your pardon

FRED AND CLARA LEIDIG

Suivez-moi, jeunes hommes, said the spider to the flies.

+

We hitched up the old green mare the other day and went Cousinin'. Goin' cousinin' ain't what it used to be, to be sure, but in a way it's a lot nicer. We ain't a body wantin' them old times back agin. Mercy! think o' the fuss we used to make over visitin' our relations. Aunt Joan Trumbull, now. Huh! Aunt Joan never could make decent cream o' tartar biscuits. But she was forever makin' 'em just the same—mornin', noon and night, until our stumick used to raise right up in meeting from all the sody she put in them biscuits and sass back the new minister. Then there was Cousin Judith, allus fussin' around, makin' out like you had appendiceetis, or some o' those new fangled ailments, an' brewin' up thoroughwort tea and pep'mint tea an' such, until we allus got a case o' runnin' off the bowels and had to go home to our own cookin', which ain't bad, even if we do say it.

+

Speeding along up U.S. 101, with our eyes glued to the cement road and a succession of steel rears, we got to thinking of how we used to hitch our two work horses to an old sled and go to see Grandmother—ten miles over the hill—before Spring planting began. And that seemed to us as many thousand years ago as the Sung Dynasty and very much more like the ox-cart days than the United Airline Dynasty. An ox-cart and our two-horse team had much in common; but ur car has no more calculable relationship to either of these than a sampan to a co-axial cable. Even the rites of Spring, which followed our visit to our relations was, in many ways, akin to that ritual when the Emperor went forth to perform the ceremony of "opening the ground" before the Temple of Earth. Then, when the Almanac said Li Ch'un, the first day of Spring, the Emperor and all his retinue and the officials repaired to the Temple of Earth, outside the North Wall of Peking, and, divesting himself of his robes, walked up in his shirtsleeves, grasped the handles of the plough and broke the earth.

In Henniker, N.H., is was only slightly different. One morning in April would break fine and clear, with fair and winsome breath. After putting their milk on the early train, the menfolks would gather at the Post Office to wait for the mail to be put up. Old Joe would be leaning against a hitching post, spitting tobaccer juice at the sky. The Chinese had feathers floating up through a bamboo stick to signify the breath of Spring, but in our ancient village this was accomplished by the upward direction of Old Joe's spit. The men would stand around, not speaking much. Mr. Farrar and Mr. Ray and Fred Connor and our Father and more. When the postmistress was about ready to open the window, someone would say, casually, Well, boys, I figgered I'd git to plowin' this mornin'. A pause. Then the motion seconded; Guess you're right, Al. And the Opening of the Ground had been made in Henniker.

Even the Ancient Ode to this ceremonial is exactly applicable in both cases:

"Large are the fields and various is
the work to be done.
Having selected the seed and looked
after the implements
So that all the preparations have
been made for our labor,
We take our sharp ploughshares
And commence on the south-lying
acres."

+

We are not one to regret that so much has passed, because we believe with George Santayana that no experience is exclusive of every other experience. But some of the best that we know as Chinese did not by any means stop off short a thousand, four thousand, years ago. The patience and peculiar philosophy it took to paint a picture on the inside of a very small bottle with a brush of one hair, does not seem to us incommensurable with the qualities required to hew great beams and build massive barns with wooden pegs and hand-wrought nails. And along with these things, went the kind of fun and laughter that grew, with complete logic, out of endurance and woe, as do plum blossoms and arbutus. And the slow learning about the eternal parity of things.

If you think this a provincial attitude of ours, we should like to have had you with us the other night at the Chinese Theatre. We should like to have placed our Father in the next seat to one of those hewn and whittled old Chinese up there in the balcony. Other than certain outward ethnographic distinctions, we are certain you would have seen their likeness—their real family resemblance. To us, it eclipsed all the rest, and in its revelatory light we watched the dramatization of the beginning of the Chow Dynasty—1122 B.C.—as a familiar experience. Of both these men it would be fitting to say:

"In my heart there burns a flame.
But no smoke shows
And no one knows."

+

Sandbagged and taken in through a skylight the other day, we got a beautiful preview of Tony Macbeth's new salon, which is, indeed, a coup d'élégance and all that sort of thing. That is, we got a view of the lining of the shop and a lot of mysterious packages done up in brown paper, which made us feel like the night before Christmas. Downstairs the color is sometimes a kind of gray with blue—a sesquipedicerious, highly ridicerious, scratch-us-and-tickle-us blue. That's the fittings. The walls are pussy-willow yellow. And upstairs . . . Well, we simply won't tell. We expressed our own private opinion that upstairs it ought to be one of those places—in Paris, you know—one of those—er—places. But Tony, looking sternly down at a hydrant beneath the window, reminded us that he was a man with civic responsibilities, my good woman. Anyhow, it is beautiful and we shall keep the rest of its secrets pro tem, at least.

Linda goes with the new place, which seems a highly delectable arrangement to us.

Subway Proposed At Sunset School

Action by the city to protect Sunset school children from traffic dangers with the opening of the San Simeon Highway in June was requested in a communication received by the city council Wednesday night from the Parent-Teachers' association.

It was asked that if there is no way to open and extend Junipero street at the present time, to take care of the increased automobile traffic into town from the new highway, a subway be constructed under San Carlos street at the school.

Only for a minute or two was consideration given to the possibility of opening Junipero street and then attention was directed to the feasibility of a subway. It was finally decided by the council to transmit the letter of the P.T.A. to the Sunset school trustees with a request that they and the council confer in the matter of a subway. It was admitted by the council members that some action should be taken for the protection of the children.

+ + +

"When wisdom has met with honours the world is full of pretenders."

INTRA-MURAL BASEBALL HONORS TO BE GIVEN TODAY AT SUNSET

This morning Sunset School will hold a Student Body Assembly, presided over by Sean Flavin, vice-president, in the absence of the president, Bill Coffin. This assembly holds great significance because awards for Intra-mural baseball will be given the following boys:

Monte Stearns, Bob Haller, Kenneth Jones, Jackie Finn, Donald Morton, Orville Jones, Captain, Gerald Ray, Dick Uzzell, Motje Hansen, Brewster Cady, John Osgood and Bob Barbour.

Last Tuesday the faculty played the boys' baseball team and beat them 12 to 4. Thursday the Eighth grade girls challenged the faculty to a basketball game but were beaten in a close game of 29 to 21. Ann Millis was appointed captain, not only for her ability in the game but for her all-around sportsmanship.

Next week will be Easter vacation and there will be a general exodus of both pupils and teachers.

ELECTROLUX
CLEANER
No obligation for demonstration
GEO. L. CHANEY, Agent
Telephone Carmel 41 or 68
P. O. Box 1684

番長

"—A GRAND AND NOBLE FIREMAN"

the members of the

CARMEL VOLUNTEER FIRE DEPARMENT

are tickled a deep shade of pink to take this opportunity of thanking our honorary member for his active and moral aid in extinguishing Carmel fires

may his ancestors sleep well in the cool shade of millions of plum blossoms

The Carmel Cymbal

ESTABLISHED MAY 11, 1926

Vol. 6 No. 12

March 19, 1937

Published every Friday by

THE CARMEL PRESS, INC.
E. A. H. Watson, Pres.
A. P. Halsey, Vice-Pres.

Seventh and San Carlos Streets
P. O. Box 1800 • Telephone 77
Ocean Avenue Office: Ocean Avenue, (south side) near San Carlos.

$1 a year

Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Carmel, Calif., under the act of March 3, 1879

W. K. BASSETT, Editor

We Apologize

THE CYMBAL wants to apologize to some of the merchants in Carmel because they are not represented in this Pon Chung Edition. We did the best we could to see them all, but failed in a number of instances.

We want to apologize to a few who asked to be represented, but whose names are not in the advertising columns. It was necessary to close the advertising forms this week earlier than usual. To Joe's Taxi and to George and Mark, the barbers, we want especially to voice our regrets for failing to get their ads set and in the paper. George and Mark wanted to inform you that they have moved to their old location on Seventh street, opposite the Railway Express. We take this method of doing so.

This was a big week for THE CYMBAL. It means another milestone along our line of life—a gratifying one. Never before has a Carmel newspaper had the net paid subscriber and newsstand circulation in the Carmel district that THE CYMBAL has today. Never before has a Carmel newspaper published as much net paid advertising as THE CYMBAL publishes today. There are just four column inches of trade, or exchange advertising in this paper. No matter what the volume may be in the future, there never will be more than that.

加美路鎖談

By LIBBY LEY

SIMPLE PHILOSOPHY

The lofty ships sail swiftly by
A rose is destined soon to die,
Tomorrow you must go your way,
Rejoice that we can love today.

+

Can he embody Carmel's East?
Her dreams of lands far-flung?
Which won't disturb him in the least,
Our small, benign Pon Chung.

+

The following is our humble contribution to the Pon Chung edition of THE CYMBAL:

When George Aucourt was a member of the crew of a China-bound ship in 1926, he was given the responsibility of keeping the disembarking Chinese under control.

As they emerged from the steerage, an ill-assorted, ragged group of oriental humanity, George was much surprised to see among them our own Pon Chung, who was returning, on a short visit to his wife and numerous children in Canton. He was fashionably attired in the latest from Conrad's and wearing, with unmistakable pride and distinction, the badge of Carmel's valiant fire fighters. Pon Chung, by the way, is the only known Chinese ever to have been a member of a fire department in these select United States.

+

Seen in Whitney's—Nancy Cocke in her new halo hat, looking like one of the more corruptible minor saints, that ubiquitous fellow, Burns, holding forth like a true Old Testament prophet, and Bill McAdams, bearing striking resemblance to a total loss—this despite his smart San-Quentin hairdo and British cashmeres.

+

We divined from the carefully sustained and interested expression of Mr. Dave Davis's fortunate feminine companion, last Friday night, that our stalwart huntsman was again recounting his sensational adventures in pursuit of the wild boar.

Bring-them-back-alive-Davis maintains that it was *not* he who so startled that peaceful mother sow and her pale, pink progeny as he has little or no affinity for the ordinary, domestic variety of boar.

+

We have at last solved the problem of the martial gentleman who strides so imperially up and down Ocean avenue. It seems his mother was badly frightened by a Roxy usher.

+

We fail to understand why a certain man-of-affairs, who, strangely enough, desires no further publicity in our searching columns, was so disproportionately perturbed by our statement that he was seen sleeping in a Monterey theater. We freely confess to having, ourselves, slumbered uninterruptedly from the years 1809 to 1833 during the showing of "Anthony Adverse" and from the years 1807 to 1856 during "Lloyds of London."

May we say in passing, that we see little justification for these attenuated productions from which one emerges wondering if one has grown unappealingly grey during the slow passage of time.

+

Just at this point we had to discontinue our labors in order to permit Pierre Collings, prize scenario writer from Hollywood, to borrow our typewriter. Does one sense the presence of our coy, oft-courted muse lured hither, for a moment, by his gifted touch?

+

Dr. Ray Brownell was seen making determined progress down our main thoroughfare under the weight of rakes, hoes, and other vicious-appearing paraphernalia. We hope the dear doctor speaks true when he claims that they are for the purpose of further embellishing his garden, and not something new in dental equipment, as we had momentarily feared.

+

The last issue of *The Californian* would indicate that dear Charlotte has about topped that garden wall she has been trying to negotiate these many months. Such an eventuality is tragic to contemplate: Charlotte, just as she is, (slumberous and unsung) had become practically a Carmel tradition.

+

We were invited up to see artist Nesbitt's elephants (not etchings). They are very gay and original little animals whimsically drawn. Phil is leaving for New York Wednesday where he intends to place them with some Eastern toy store.

+

Seen over somebody else's shoulder: The back of those superlatively broad ones of Johnny Weismuller, turned, with no little indifference upon the Saturday night activities of the Bali room. We gathered, in our own adroit fashion, that Johnny makes no great response to little girls who say, "Oh, Mr. Weissmuller, when are you going to swim?" He claims to have come here to play golf.

+

Seems to us that the Nancy Gross-Jack Lawrence combine are the peninsula's most glamorous contribution to ball room dancing.

Pon Chung will autograph your copy of this issue of THE CYMBAL if you so desire.

We'll provide him with a brush and a bottle of ink, and O Buddha and Confucius, think what your great grandchildren will get for that!

I'D RATHER PREACH

Maiden be not over bold—
Men are carnal beasts I'm told.
Keep your charms far from their sight;
Do not venture forth at night.
I've heard that there is joy in virtue,
A quiet joy that could not hurt you—
And never ask why this should be;
Advice for you and not for me.

—LIBBY LEY

M. J. Murphy Company

Carmel

EVERYTHING TO BUILD A HOUSE

CARMEL MUSIC SOCIETY

presents

Trudi Schoop Comic Ballet

Sat. Eve., March 27th, 8:30 Sharp

SUNSET SCHOOL AUDITORIUM

Tickets $3.00, $2.00, $1.00 and 75 cents • Mail Orders to P. O. Box 1144 or Telephone to Mrs. Paul Flanders, Carmel 22 or to Carmel Music Society's Office at Thoburn's, Carmel 62

PON CHUNG

HAS HELPED

PUT OUT FIRES THAT NEVER SHOULD

HAVE GAINED

HEADWAY

SHUR-LINE AUTOMATIC FIRE PROTECTION

would have stopped them

TELEPHONE 46

FOR SHUR-LINE INSPECTION SERVICE

ROBERT G. LEIDIG

Fire Protection Equipment

CARMEL • CALIFORNIA

Many and Weird Are the Stories Told About Pon Chung as a Fireman

EVERYWHERE PON CHUNG

Pon Chung, Pon Chung, he's a sentimental
Oriental Chinaman
He knows your evil habits, he can find
your home
He even knows the number of your telephone
Pon Chung, Pon Chung, he can do most everything
that can be done
He can tear your house apart;
He can mend a broken heart.
Have a care, he's everywhere, Pon Chung.

—Elliot Durham

There are many wild and weird tales told about Pon Chung. Some have arrived at the state of legends. Most of them are false, but nearly all of them are funny.

It has not been only in story that he has figured, but also in song. We re-print herewith the words to the song written about him by Elliot Durham for "Carmel Nights" which Durham wrote and produced at the Forest Theater in 1931. It had a catchy tune and was sung and hummed by many around town for months after the affair. Sara Reamer used to burst into it every now and then a good five years after.

One of the best stories about Pon Chung is that told by Marian Boke Todd. She swears to it and when Marian—. But she doesn't except on necessary occasions like this.

It seems that Pon Chung had been engaged by Marian to do the week's ironing. He arrived and went to work. He was in the midst of it, as Marian could tell by the familiar sounds from the kitchen, when suddenly the fire alarm startled the quiet air of Carmel.

Pon Chung bolted, right through the house. As he disappeared out the front door he called back: "Sorry, must go. Fiyah."

It was Glassell's "Cabbages and Kings" building burning, but Marian didn't know that and returned to her book. In about ten minutes, Pon Chung still gone, Marian smelled smoke. She dashed out into her own kitchen to discover that while Pon Chung was fighting one fire, he had left another one brewing—probably to be attended to later.

He had left the electric iron on, and sitting flat on its shiny bottom on the ironing board. It had dug a well-proportioned hole for itself and was just about to go through to the floor when Marian dissuaded it.

They tell another story about a visit Pon Chung made to the land where he was born. It was in the midst of one of its periodical revolutions, or something, and Pon Chung had not gone far into the country in search of the humble home where he first saw the light of day, when he was set upon and both sides endeavored to press him into service. He was, in fact, violently laid hold upon.

He managed to extricate himself for the brief moment that meant his freedom and safety. He thrust back his coat and let the Chinese sun flash against the shield of the Carmel Volunteer Fire Department pinned above his heart.

"I 'Merican official," he announced with head erect and scorn in his eye.

It was enough. One of the two sides escorted him to his destination. It is said that he feasted well on sizzling pig for a week prior to his departure.

Grace McGowan Cooke was having a birthday and there was to be a party. Pon Chung was assisting a cousin, another Pon, in the preparation for the feed. The two Chinese decided that they, too, should contribute toward the festive occasion. So one of them made a cake and the other assumed the privilege of decorating it. To a bakery one of the Pons went and borrowed the cone-shaped decorator. He, himself, squeezed out the pink frosting in the Melican words desired. Back to the Cooke residence and our Pon Chung, flanked by his cousin, bore the gift into the dining room. With great ceremony he set it down before the surprised and then, hilarious guests. The words spelled out in frosting on the top read: "Mrs. Cooke's Bath Day."

Another!

Some few years ago Pon Chung was the recipient of no-longer-desired clothing from a well-to-do Carmel resident The suits were all London-bought. On a label, below the pocket inside the coat, was the tailor's name and, printed in ink, some numbers. Pon Chung discovered these one day in a fashionably-cut coat he was wearing. He asked for an explanation. Some wag gave it to him. He said that the numbers represented the cost of the suit in English money. Thus: "27-11-32" meant "27 pounds, 11 shillings and 32 pence." When Pon Chung was then told that this represented about $150 in our money, he was jubilant. He accosted every acquaintance on Ocean avenue and displayed the "price" mark in his suit and translated it. To this day, it is said, that Pon Chung will not believe the figures stood for the date as the English write it.

There are stories that are decidedly libelous, however they may be based on a germ of truth. There is the one which holds that he dashed to answer an alarm with the rest of the department and leaped from the truck with a fire axe in his hand. The blaze was in the kitchen of the house. A towel or two had caught fire from the gas range. A half dozen tried and true firemen extinguished the blaze, cleaned up the mess and started back to their truck in the street. As they were about to depart, it was noticed that Pon Chung was missing. He was, and he was messing, too.

The thunder-struck gaze of the firemen found him on the roof of the house, valiantly wielding the axe and cutting a neat and ample hole in the shingles.

There are many variations of this tale.

We don't believe any of them—and then again . . .

But take it or leave it, there has been no fire in many years that Pon Chung has not been there. And should one start in the cold grey dawn of morning, almost anywhere in the city, it is an even bet that Pon Chung will know about it before the alarm is sounded.

He and the lowly bats rule the night in Carmel. He prowls during the eerie hours. Not a menacing prowl, but a comforting one.

It is good to know he is about.

Labor Mediation Plan Hooted At In Carmel

Someone had a bright idea over in Monterey the other day—reports are that it was Dio L. Dawson—which resulted in a letter to Carmel's Mayor Everett Smith from Mayor W. L. Teaby of the Sardine City, asking that this city join the other two on the peninsula in the formation of a "labor relations commission" designed to leap into labor disputes and settle them in the twinkle of an eye.

The bright idea also resulted in haughty laughter from Carmel's otherwise staid and sober legislators at Wednesday night's meeting. It also brought forth from City Attorney Argyll Campbell a statement that the proposition was a lot of hooey; that labor wouldn't even look at a municipally-organized labor relations commission.

It also resulted in a letter from the Monterey County Building Trades Council which was caustic, to say the least. In part it read: "D. L. Dawson may have a scheme to chisel out a job for himself, but —", and went along in that tone of voice. In other words, the trades council is against such an idea. "We have a conference committee for conferring with employers," the letter went on.

In fact, you would have thought that you were attending a meeting of a Communist local to hear our city fathers and its one mother guffaw at this dignified little request from Mayor Teaby of Monterey.

Councilman Thoburn expressed the idea that the plan was a sweet little way to get into trouble.

Mayor Everett Smith was requested to write back to Mayor Teaby that Carmel thinks he's full of prunes, or words to that effect.

THE MORNING AFTER

In the morning when I rise
A startling prism greets my eyes;
The colors—green and pink and red—
Play havoc with my poor sick head.

I wonder what I'd had last night
To put me in this sorry plight;
And while I'm wishing it would stop—
I see it's my pajama top!

Shirlie Stoddard

THE CYMBAL

Moves

its Ocean Avenue Office

We're now in the new location of the

Carmel Investment Company

South side of Ocean Avenue near Mission just west of Post Office

You may subscribe for The Cymbal here for the sum of One Dollar a year

金士德公司

HVGH·W COMSTOCK

BVILDER

CARMEL

詩客與農夫

By FRANCIS L. LLOYD

You all know Pon Chung! The only Celestial riding on a fire truck in the continental United States, so far as we know. Wearer of the most beautiful mustache, full cut, ever seen on a Chinese citizen. For Pon Chung is extraordinary. He represents the halfway mark in the history of the Chinese in California.

The tales of early railroading in California are familiar to all of us, and how the Chinese gangs toiled to lay steel into the Sierras. With them came the old Chinese merchant, along with the coolie gangs. Some of these gentlemen failed in health or business, and some found retreat in Carmel.

Perhaps the best known of these was lovable old Pon Sing, a cousin of Pon Chung. This was "Sang," so called to distinguish him from another cousin, Pon Sing, the roly-poly one. Pon Sing, called Sang, was one of the old school, and a fine character, full of quiet spirit and dignity. As a worker in garden or kitchen, he was diligent, self-confident, wise and of few words.

Once when Sang took a rare holiday, he sent to our house another cousin, Pon Wing, and Wing was one of the younger generation, one of the new Chinese, a city slicker perhaps you would call him. But with us kids he used to stage great pine cone fights, and frequently lost his temper when we razzed him a bit too much. Wing was a good boy, but somewhat of a scamp, and he didn't stay long in Carmel, for it was too quiet, too far from the excitements of the city.

And now for Pon Chung, who represents the golden mean between all the Chinese gentlemen of his clan who have been known to Carmel people through the years. He represents the half-way point between old and new, a happy balance between cousins Sang and Wing, quiet and thoughtful like Sang, wild for the excitement that the fire truck offers, just as Wing might have loved it.

Perhaps never in future years will Carmel's volunteer fire department go forth as a ship to breast the waves with such a figurehead as Pon Chung. He rides with vigor and impatience, forth to Carmel's fires, the living Chinese firecracker.

+

Time was when Carmel was a haven for refugees from San Francisco's Chinese tong wars. The old Cooke house on 13th and San Antonio, having as it did one of Carmel's few attics, was a favorite hiding place.

+

Chinese names are always of interest. Monterey is proud of its Chu On Lung. In an eastern city is a Chinese laundry of one-story set beside a seven-story apartment house. Its spindly chimney mounts all those seven stories to the sky and on the front window are the words of encouragement, Wing On.

+

"Ah, my Europa!" sighed the gentleman, mentally picturing Mona Williams astride a bull on the Work ranch on El Toro. And just then the steers stampeded. John Douglas Short, ever the gentleman, handed her into the nearest oak tree and followed. He then attempted to point out to the steers that farthest fields are, after all, greenest, and that this is not entirely an error of the eye.

Complaint of the week: Carmel's smoke nuisance. Not that we mind pine smoke, the fragrance of eucalyptus burning, or cypress sprays ablaze for the delection of the nostrils. Dear me, no. But we do mind the foreign smell of oil when its sooty fumes billow up Ocean avenue of an evening. And that Pittsburgh perfume! Oh well, Monterey has its sardine odor and Moss Landing was once sweet with the musk of whales. Let us not allow Carmel to be different.

+

Complaint of any week! Ladies driving cars on Eighth across San Carlos without one looking to left or right. Now, ladies, this is not a rare occurrence at this spot. In fact, I look for an accident to occur there any day now and have heavily insured myself in that direction.

+

Last week, the final paragraph of this Poet and Peasant column was being ground out when the radio brought in the Poet and Peasant overture. Some one must be guilty of plagiarism.

MR. WALKER ALSO SWEPT AWAY BY THE FLOOD

When you threaten to take eleven inches off of a man what's a man to do, but move out of range of your saw or hatchet. Mr. Walker has so done. He discovered that taking eleven inches off his boot blackery (copyright) was literally taking them off his person, his premises being what they are—diminutive, so to speak. So he ups and moves before Shylock Fred Leidig got his pound of flesh, there being no Portia in the offing.

So he's moved—around the corner on San Carlos, in what was a part of the Stahl garage when there was a Stahl garage. You get at him just south of that bird Ricketts' McDonald Dairy. Mr. Walker is figuring, however, on moving back in high summer; that is, he's figuring with a foot rule and hasn't yet been able to figure out elbow room for shoe shining. But he probably will.

CABINET WORK

MILL WORK • GLAZING

FURNITURE MADE AND

REPAIRED

RICHARD W.

JOHNSON

JUNIPERO STREET

Between Fifth and Sixth

Telephone 48 or 352-R

謹願萬事勝意

MISSION TRACT

HOME SITES ARE SELLING!

+

Wonderful views of

WATER MOUNTAINS VALLEY MISSION

+

Home Sites
Average
60 x 100

Prices $1500 to $2250
Easy Monthly
Terms

Electricity
Water
Gas

41 HOME SITES ARE SOLD

4 New Homes are now under Construction

FOR SALE BY ALL CARMEL AGENTS

14 New Homes Are To Be Started Soon

Subdivision Agents

Carmel Realty Co.

Byington Ford

J. L. SCHROEDER, *Insurance Manager* CORUM B. JACKSON, *Real Estate Manager*

A Vital Human Document

On this day of the first special issue of THE CYMBAL (and the last one, please God, for a long time) we who have been "playing hide-and-seek with the sun-rays and the moon-rays and laughing from the mountain peak at the typhoon sweeping the valley below" feel disposed to chortle a bit at the peach blossoms through which we have threaded our way since last December 4. In other words, to change the metaphor slightly, to say nothing of taking liberties with horticulture, we intend herewith to gather up a few rose petals from our path, toss them high into the air, and run under them.

It's a matter concerning the deep, wide and ecstatic impression we have made since out latest coming out. It's a beautiful story, a fascinating, gripping human document, one might say. It is something like this:

PAID CIRCULATION INCREASE

	Paid Subscribers in Carmel	Paid Subscribers outside Carmel	Newsstand Sales	Total
December 4, 1936	248	16	92	356
December 11, 1936	279	28	67	374
December 18, 1936	288	44	49	381
December 25, 1936	291	46	52	389
January 1, 1937	304	51	44	399
January 8, 1937	308	53	43	404
January 15, 1937	311	55	46	412
January 22, 1937	314	63	59	436
January 29, 1937	321	70	38	429
February 5, 1937	326	76	45	447
February 12, 1937	330	79	72	481
February 19, 1937	333	81	89	503
February 26, 1937	336	83	121	540
March 5, 1937	338	87	129	554
March 12 (last week)	346	92	123	561

As Earl Graft of the Carmel Dairy says: "That's only a bottle of milk to you, but it's a glass of sparkling burgundy to us."

Just look back at it. Our net paid subscription list, in Carmel alone, has increased a total of 98 over 15 weeks. That may seem small to a dog with fleas and no bath over a similar period, but in newspaper paid circulation, without gifts of jack knives, magazines, Bibles or accident insurance policies, that's a lot—in Carmel.

Look back at the net paid subscribers outside of Carmel. They have leaped from 16 to 92 since our December 4 issue. That's rather sweet, also. If we keep up the ratio of gain (and who, pray tell, is to say we won't?), in 22 years we will have—we will have—we will—

We can't figure it. We've gone seven years and it's up around 137,894. There wouldn't be enough people outside China in 22 years.

As for the newsstand sales (are you looking back again?) they have us down. We can't figure them by any manner of reckoning, abacus, or anything. What should make them leap from around 45 six weeks to an average of 125 now is something for somebody else to figure out.

However, it IS sweet, isn't it?

A total gain in paid circulation of 205 in 15 weeks and no cajoling or cuddling, and only the slightest bit of blackmail.

So, as for circulation gains, "Suey Sin Fah is my wife, and maid to the beautiful Chee Moo, first wife of Wu Sin Yin. She, too, is happy and content, for she is good."

PROPERTY OWNERS MUST PAY TO FIX TORRES STREET

More drainage protests poured into the city council last night and in one case it was decided to do something before Carmel found itself on the wrong end of a damage suit.

W. J. Kingsland wrote of the dangerous condition of the street on Torres south of Eighth, caused by the diversion of flood waters from private property to the public thoroughfare. On the advice of City Attorney Argyll Campbell it was resolved that property owners in the district should be informed that unless they provided the city with money to the tune of $3 a 40-foot lot for necessary improvements the street would be closed as impassable and dangerous.

Similar trouble on Thirteenth at Lincoln will be taken care of by property assessments of $5 for 100-foot lots facing Thirteenth.

WPA Concert Will Be Given Monday

The Federal Music Project concert, announced for next Tuesday evening, has been shifted to Monday evening, March 22. The concert will be given in the Sunset Auditorium, starting at 8:15 p.m. Bernard Callery conducting. There will be no admission charge.

The program chosen is uniquely interesting, and is especially adapted to the instrumentation of the Federal Music Project Concert Orchestra. It is as follows:

Overture "Stradella" . Flotow
Symphony No. 1 . . Beethoven
Andante con moto. Adagio.
Allegro.
Menuetto . . . . Bolzoni
Peasant's Song . . . . Greig
Berceuse . . . . Iljinsky
Serenade . . . . Zerkowitz
Alley . . . . . Guion
Brudder Sinkiller and His Flock of Sheep
The Harmonica Player
Sheep and Goat Walkin' to the Pasture . . . . Guion

+ + +

FOREST THEATER IS NOW PROPERTY OF CITY

The Forest Theater now belongs to the city of Carmel. A deed of gift from the Carmel Club of Arts and Crafts for the property up in Eighty Acres was accepted by the city council at Wednesday night's meeting. The property and the theater are to be used for "park and playground purposes," according to the deed of gift. The gift was made to the city in lieu of payment of delinquent taxes.

Action on acceptance of the deed of gift to five lots belonging to the Forest Hill school was delayed until a quit claim can be obtained which eliminates "for school purposes only" from the original deed.

潘長

We have in stock
the poems of

LI PO

AND

5000

OTHER BOOKS

THE SEVEN ARTS

SEVEN ARTS BUILDING

CARMEL-BY-THE-SEA

A

PERFECT COMBINATION

We have thrown our two individual stores together entirely for your convenience

Offering Complete Delivery Service

Mcindoe's
CARMEL GROCERY

Vining's
MEAT MARKET

TRADE HERE...TURN AROUND...YOU'RE THERE
TRADE THERE...TURN AROUND...YOU'RE HERE

You see how it works?

THERE'S NO CHINESE PUZZLE ABOUT THAT, EH?

Carmel Grocery
is concentrating
on the
Highest Quality of Groceries—and Vegetables
that are
ALWAYS
fresh!

謹謝

Vining's Market
is making a special
of
Swift's Baby Beef and Spring Lamb
for
EASTER
meals

DOLORES STREET

TELEPHONE 268

TELEPHONE 200

The Real Beginnings of Carmel And Where It Is Now

Carmel's claim to fame as an aesthetic community rests principally on the fact that it was originally settled by those who sought comfort and peace in its pine woods. No material fruits of commerce or agriculture offered inducements to its pioneers. Those who followed after them have had, generally, the same idea. If there have been among them some who anticipated garnering that somewhat dubious harvest common to summer resorts the result has been disappointing. Retail tradesmen have come, as where will they not when two or three are gathered together, but in the main Carmel is primarily a city of the homes of those who are here because they find it a comfortable and peaceful, as well as an inspiring place to live. The atmosphere of the city today was born of the spirit of its founders.

Contrary to common belief, fostered probably by the place in history of Old Monterey, hardly five miles away, Carmel's original settlers were not of the hoary past. It did not find its beginnings with the coming of Fray unipero Serra in 1775 and his establishment of the Mission San Carlos de Borremeo de Rio Carmelo at the mouth of the Carmel river. Neither was it born as a settlement with the arrival of the half dozen families which acquired great tracts of land in the 1840's and '50's for agricultural purposes. Nor did it delay its first breath of life until 1903 when James F. Devendorf and Frank Powers, visualizing its future in terms of forty-foot lots and true-to-the-compass streets, began running surveyors' lines through the pine forest. Carmel as a community of homes came into being in the early 1880's. Within a period of five years a score or more houses had been built in what was known as the Duckworth tract, the northeast corner of area which is now within the corporate limits. It was from these homes that the first citizens gathered together in 1886 and founded "Carmel City."

"Carmel City" of 1886 did not extend down to the sea. The present mile long, white sand beach, with its constantly tumbling breakers, was accessible to the early Carmel citizens only by way of forest trails and rolling sanddunes. And the way was long. In fact the western, or seaward limits of the original village, a city in name only, was what is now known as Junipero street. As a contrast, Junipero street is today the eastern limit of the business zone under municipal ordinance.

Sixteen years after the founding of Carmel City James F. Devendorf and Frank Powers saw the possibilities of developing the wide tract of land which sloped from Junipero streets down to the sanddunes and the sea. This area, which they acquired in 1903, extended in width from the land of the Mission San Carlos on the south almost to the Pacific Improvement Company's property on the north, a total of about 300 acres. This development was named by Devendorf and Powers, Carmel-by-the-Sea, and its improvement, under their tireless efforts, was rapid.

In 1916 the city of Carmel-by-the-Sea, still in size a village, was incorporated as a city of the sixth class. With the annexation of the old Carmel City, and eighty acres in what is now the south-eastern section, and later 10 acres of sanddunes, Carmel now has an area of 425 acres, or about two-thirds of a square mile.

In the 1930 federal census the city had a population of 2,250 and it is now in 1936 estimated at 3,000. The assessed valuation in in 1936 was $3,419,330, more than double what it was twelve years previous. The bonded indebtedness is $25,000 and the tax rate (1936) $1.11 on the $100. There are 29 miles of paved streets and approximately 1250 dwellings. A zoning law, adopted in 1929, confines the business district to five blocks on the main street, Ocean avenue, and two blocks on each side, or a total area of twenty blocks.

\+ + +

MIRACLE AFTER RAIN

I did not care how much it rained
For morning brought a crystal tree
A crystal tree with silver stems
And loops of leaping light.

The garden weeping, water-stained
For all its wreck was nought to me
Was nought to me but that it held
This image of delight.

And soon no other thing remained
It filled the world, the crystal tree
Until the sun forsook the sky
And bloomed upon its height!

—Dora Hagemeyer

Fashion Show Big Asilomar Draw

Tuesday was the big day for Holman's Department Store and, by the size of the crowd, a sizable day for the entire Peninsula. There were tables and tables in the big Hall at Asilomar, with a runway down the center nicely decorated, and here and there an almost realistic palm tree bending coyly toward the audience. The women assembled at 1 o'clock for dessert and bridge, followed by Holman's Fashion Show. Some of the Tau Mu's, they who were sponsoring the show, turned themselves into efficient waitresses when the hired help proved inadequate.

At the start of the show an orchestra of young men came in and sat down. Then they suddenly vanished and we wondered why, until the show started, and then discovered that while the male may look at a tight bathing suit or beach short, he may not, absolutely not, look at a corset, although the corset or girdle covers more of the form divine than the bathing suit. After the immoral corset had been supplanted by beach wear, the young men came back and played. The high light of the Show was the dashing Mary Hampton who writes fashion notes for our *Herald* and a few dozen other papers up and down the coast in our state. She was quite stunning in a black gown and hat with bright red gloves, and she described the clothes and, oh joy! she didn't read her lines. She talked with an ease and understanding of her subject that was a joy to hear.

But to go on with the description of the things that women love and men swear at—when the bills come in. There was everything from corsets, sport clothes, Hawaiian beach coats and pajamas, afternoon gowns, nighties and hostess coats up to evening frocks. It was a bewildering array of color and fabrics, old materials like Kasha cloth and marquisette, back in favor, and taffeta, also much in the lime light.

OLD CHINESE PRINT

Until he held these tranquil tones of grey
Within himself, the artist stayed his hand;
He watched the light that delicately lay
Upon the ancient parchment of his land.
Until he felt the line that finely fell
Around the form, defining without weight
The single truth that only he could tell
He sat and dreamed beside the temple gate.
Then on a day he left the aged stone
Beneath the coral peach-tree by the wall,
And in his room, secluded and alone
He took his brush and let the first stroke fall.
The dawn-grey light of peace that now he knew
Flowed through his hand, and faultless beauty grew.

—Dora Hagemeyer

We're wondering what will happen when all these wives and daughters go home and tell husbands about things.

—M. R. S.

"The good walker makes no dust after him."

"He who knows himself is enlightened."

Post Cards of Pon Chung
Small balls for ping pong
Mission bells that ding dong
Stamps from Hongkong

ALL AT

Slevin's

MOST
OF THE SMOKE

THAT WAFTS HEAVENWARD
THROUGH THE LACE OF
THE CARMEL PINES

COMES FROM WOOD
WE SELL

PLAZA FUEL CO.
TELEPHONE 180

天

IF WE CAN PROVE IT TO

番長

WE CAN ALSO PROVE IT TO

YOU

SAN FRANCISCO 32 MINUTES FROM MONTEREY

Leaving Daily 4:15 p.m. • Arriving Daily 3:15 p.m.

In 52 consecutive weeks our modern, fast transports have completed over 200 daily schedules and have carried over 1000 of the peninsula residents and visitors

AN
ENVIABLE
RECORD!

CONDOR
AIR LINES

$5 ROUND TRIP
Reservations at Hotel Del Monte

賽狗

Edited by Jessie Joan Brown

Wim Pee Lawrence, even though he terrorizes the neighborhood with his assumed ferocity (even the stalwart Pookie Todd, an old friend of the family, cringes at the sight of him) resents being called "The Yellow Peril." Chows are more deserving of the name, thinks Wim Pee, according to his mistress, Charlotte Lawrence, because they are only sampan dogs, while his Honorable Ancestors, the Pekingese, were of royal blood. They were sleeve dogs at the palace of the old Empress Dowager, and pets of the royal ladies of the Chinese court. They were never allowed out of China until after the Boxer Rebellion. Wang Poo Curtin, the handsome Chow who proudly claims Miss Babs Curtin as mistress, vehemently disagrees with Wim Pee, however.

+

When a two pound blonde meets a three pound brunette, fur is sure to fly. Such was the case when Tootsie Roos met one of the local girls in her mistress' shop the other day—much to the embarrassment of all concerned. Tootsie, a Pomeranian who looks for all the world like a delicately browned meringue pouf, is spending a few days in the village with her master and mistress, Mr. and Mrs. Leon Roos.

+

Udo Macdowell left today for his home in Victoria after having spent several months in Carmel. His village friends will miss the interesting Canadian, but he says he will be back again next year.

+

Bringing home laurels that made him a champion, Baycrest Bandit Kehr returned from the Oakland Kennel Club show last week with his mistress, Mrs. E. F. Kehr. The Bandit proudly pointed out that he is the fourth homebred champion from Baycrest Kennels, owned by his mistress.

+

Chief Kneass celebrated his second birthday last week. This talented young fellow is well known for his many accomplishments, the most outstanding of which is his imitation of a popular crooner.

+

The Protective League for the Underdog nominates for membership Mrs. Robinson Jeffers, who bailed York Steffens, formerly of the Lincoln Steffens menage, out of the pound, and Noel Sullivan, who is paying for York's room and board at a local kennel until the poor fellow regains his health and finds a new home.

+

COMMENT

"In the Palace of a Hundred Peacock Tails—
My ancestors lived a thousand years ago,
My ears are like two yellow sails,
And I dearly love to wave them to and fro.

"My soul wanders in the Poppy Field at night,
At the Feast of Lanterns in the Dragon Land;
I'm Imperial, an aristocrat by right
And the dearest dog that lives on any strand."

—The Pekingese

Martha Graham's Dances Are All American

Martha Graham and her Dance Group are coming to the Sunset School Auditorium on Saturday evening, April 10, under the Denny-Watrous management. This is news of most significant nature to every lover of the dance.

Martha Graham says that a dance reveals the spirit of the country in which it takes root. She says that when it fails to do this, it loses its integrity and significance. The great American dancer says further, that while a dance technique may be learned wherever there are expert dance teachers, the tendency to leave one's country during important, formative years means leaving a characteristic rhythm which must be made part of the dance of our own country. The American dance was born in and of America.

Of the twelve dancers who comprise the Martha Graham Dance Group, all are Americans. Six come from the western states and six from the eastern. Two gave up Hollywood motion picture engagements to go east to study with Martha Graham. Each of the group is a solo dancer in her own right.

Quite a Mess It Is at Staniford Corner Now

Activity at Ocean avenue and San Carlos is definitely at the messy stage. Structures that have been up for nigh onto 40 years are in a hit-or-miss state. The demolition of the so-called Staniford corner to make way for the new Leidig building is throwing dust and timbers into the air.

Doc Staniford is snugly housed with Weaver's hamburger, loin chops and prime rib roasts. Barney Segal is handsomely domiciled with his Carmel Investment Company, Helen McLachlan and Betty Stuhr Williams in his own building a step west from the post office, and C. W. Wentworth, the Yankee shoe cobbler, is turned around, building and all behind the McDonald Dairy.

Everything i sready now for the clearing of the site for the new excavation, foundation, walls and roof of the modern business block to take the place of an old landmark.

Then Staniford and Weaver will go back, a dress shop, a grocery store and meat market will join them on the Ocean avenue side, and on San Carlos Wentworth will be joined by George and Mark, the barbers.

Life will go on as usual, or a little more so, on the Staniford corner after about the beginning of July.

"All men are equal and unimportant."

"Avoiding distinctions of merit among the people prevents jealousy."

番長

YOU BUY EM GROCERY HERE
YOU BUY EM MEAT ANYWHERE

WE COLLECT EM MEAT AND TAKE EM WITH GROCERY

+

AND OH! SO FRESHY VEGETABLE WE SELL EM!

EWIG'S
OCEAN AVENUE
TELEPHONE 423

番長

WE AREN'T SURE WHAT

Pon Chung Smokes

BUT IF WE HAVEN'T GOT IT
WE CAN GET IT!

and we have more magazines than he can ever read

番長

... more bullets in our shooting gallery than he can ever shoot

El Fumador

DOLORES STREET NEAR SEVENTH

CARMEL HAS NAMES FOR THEM

BY DOROTHEA CASTELHUN

GRADUALLY but surely the tide of progress has crept up into and over our little village of Carmel. It was not at all difficult to stem the tide in the early days when rough roads and horse-drawn vehicles kept the settlement remote from the world. Quiet and privacy and simple living were considered well worth the sacrifice of those aids to comfort known as modern conveniences. Some of the early settlers would have been happy to have gone on indefinitely just as they began, cooking on flickering oil stoves and heating their water in coils at the back of the open fireplaces. They would gladly have continued to plough through sandy roads, stumbling into holes and over deep ruts, when they went to get the food which they could not order by telephone—because they had no telephones.

But the numbers of these hardy old-timers dwindled perceptibly as the years went on; others among them came to hold the opinion that one could lead an esthetically satisfying, secluded life and be comfortable at the same time. But in the meanwhile the outside world trickled in over the hill, fell in love with the silver sands of the beach, the azure sea splintering into dazzling white surf on the rocky shore, the thickly-growing pines and clustering oaks—and decided to stay. For them the beauties of nature were not quite enough.

The small group of staunch early settlers protested every step of the way but they might as well have tried to stop the flow of the sea on their own white beach. One by one the "improvements" came in. Not all the streets in Carmel are paved now but nearly all, enough so that your beautiful new car gets little more wear and tear here than elsewhere. Gas and electricity make possible the same comforts and luxuries found in cities on any main highway—automatic hot water, automatic refrigeration, vacuum cleaners, floor furnaces, radios and so on. And there are also a sewer system, telephones, street lights, telegraph office, chain stores, modern hotels, beauty parlors, shops with smart gowns, cocktail bars and even a big new movie theater of glaring white stucco quite in the best Hollywood manner. In short, while there is a certain amount of quaintness and a great deal of natural beauty left in this so-called "mecca of artists and writers," life to-day in Carmel can hardly be described as primitive or elemental.

But there is one cherished custom which the loyal old-timers have triumphantly and successfully held onto. The daily rite known as "Going for the mail." When at last their letters shall be brought to their own doors, these old-timers will have lost their final struggle to keep Carmel "different." Just why the sight of a postman should be so abhorrent, just why there is some particular virtue in climbing up steep streets to the post office every day, is perhaps not entirely clear to those residents who have no car—and there are really more of them than you might think. Of course, it is easy to understand why those merchants in the blocks near the post office should approve the idea of everyone in the village being obliged to pass their windows on the way to the mail once or twice a day!

One of the most potent reasons, however, why Carmel residents have fought off mail delivery is perhaps their reluctance to adorn their homes with the prosaic figures which Uncle Sam insists upon as an aid to the postman. At one time some years ago when mail delivery appeared to be imminent, numbers were promptly put up on some of the houses and, much to the disgust of the anti-mail-delivery faction, they have remained to this day.

The custom of naming houses probably started with the first residents who came to Carmel merely for vacations. Can you imagine the old-time "summer cottage" that wasn't called the *Nellie* or *The Wave*, unless it were something more facetious, such as *Thisisit*?

In Carmel the custom was no doubt kept up to help people locate houses—especially in the early days when practically every home answered to the description of a "redwood board and bat with green shingle roof"—and when every house was almost equally buried among closely-growing pines, live oaks, and a tangled mass of genista, manzanita and wild lilac. Even to-day strangers wander disconsolately about trying to find, for instance, a home which the telephone directory lists as "Carmelo and 12th" and which, after inquiry at the four corners of Carmelo and 12th, finally turns out to be tucked away behind trees and shrubs halfway down the block.

EVEN if you had never made a visit to Carmel a study of a list of house names would throw quite a bit of light on its geographical location, its fauna and its flora. Some of the names would tell you whether the houses were large or small; others again would give you an idea as to the dispositions of the owners. You don't have to read many along the salty line of *Driftwood, White Caps, Hi-Tide, Low Tide, Surf Echoes, Breakers, Barnacle, Sea Urchin, Periwinkle, Sea Wolf*, and *Crow's Nest*, before you deduce quite correctly that Carmel lies close to the ocean waves. But while *White Sands* does, beyond dispute, accurately describe the beach, there is nothing in the whole nautical list to tell you the most important fact of all: that there are on Carmel beach no hot dog stands, no shrieking, grinding, roaring, scenic railways, no rifle ranges, no gaudy souvenir booths, no board walk! In short, you cannot buy anything there. And you cannot do anything either—except enjoy in peace and quiet the heavenly freedom of one of the most beautiful stretches of sparkling white beach in the country. During the summer months this mile-long crescent of clean, fine sand may be dotted with gay umbrellas, bright-but-brief bathing suits, romping children and ecstatic dogs, but even on a record hot day there is plenty of room for all. What perhaps looks like a crowd to an old Carmelite would be sniffed at as a mere sprinkle by those who prefer the closely populated shores of such beaches as Atlantic City and Venice.

It's all very well for the casual visitor to write rapturously about the picturesque manner in which many Carmel houses snuggle down and hide among the clustering oaks and sheltering pines. But after you've experienced the chilly gloom of a house which lives in perpetual shade, you become a bit cynical about closely-growing trees, however picturesque. You are more likely to prefer the bright light and comfortable warmth of the famous California sunshine. Of course, in real estate circles it is not considered good taste to mention the fact that in July and August Carmel lies for weeks at a time under a thick blanket of soft wet fog—but such is the sad truth. If you want sunshine then, however, you need drive only a few miles inland, up the lovely Carmel Valley, and there you may bask in it as hot and strong as any in the state. And in winter, except for the occasional rainy spells, there is nearly always sunshine. Certain house names give a hint that their owners realize the advantages of being able to enjoy a maximum of this golden product at home; and so you find *Sunny, Sunaround, Sunbeam, Sunshine Bungalow, Sunny Nook, Sun Deck* and *Maison du Soleil*.

Trees and flowers are responsible for the names of many Carmel houses and glancing over your list you learn that apparently the favorite trees are the pines and oaks. Flowers are not so well represented, although you'll find the romantically-named wildflowers, *Fairy Lantern* and *Footsteps of Spring*, over a couple of doorways. Some of the tree names may be taken literally, others with a grain of poetic license. If a sign announces *Twin Pines*, you will undoubtedly see a couple of pines growing close together somewhere about the grounds. If it says *Tres Pinos*, add one pine; and so on up to *Ochos Pinos*. There is an *Oak Bower*, an *Oak Thicket*; there are *Dancing Oaks, Grey Oaks, Ye Oaks, Seven-Oaks* and just plain *Oaks*. Obviously you may expect to see many oak trees in Carmel, but again there is much information the names alone do not give you. For these are the live oaks which look so strange to Eastern eyes seeing them for the first time. Their silvery gray bark and writhing serpent-like branches give a faint suggestion of unreality, of fairy tales illustrated by Maxfield Parrish. "Live" oak seems a misnomer, for the dust-covered foliage and gray trunks look anything but alive from May to October. Only in the rainy season are the small prickly leaves a glossy dark green. But any child will tell you what excellent trees these are for climbing!

VARIATIONS on the numerous pine trees bring forth such flights of imagination as *Whispering Pine, Sheltering Pine, Pine Log, Pine Needle, Pinecroft, Pinemere* and *Port o' Pines*. It is only right that there should be many house names of this sort because after all "Carmel-by-the-Sea" (the official name) is not much more accurate than would be "Carmel-in-the-Pines." Those pines which are down near the ocean are generally low and fantastically sprawling, with huge, rough-barked limbs spread along the ground—an even more perfect climbing paradise than the oaks. But as you get back a little farther away from the cliffs and sand dunes you find forests of stately, straight-trunked pines towering up into the sky, and everywhere you walk softly on layers of dry brown pine needles.

There is a certain Carmel odor which is an incredible but heavenly combination of hot sun on pine needles, of burning eucalyptus, tarweed, sage and honeysuckle all held together by the salty west wind and flavored with a dash of pungent wet kelp! If that could be bottled for the use of exiled Carmelites it would probably cause them distressingly sharp pangs of homesickness. You surely could not help being enchanted by the fragrance of eucalyptus smoke, whatever you might think about the untidiness of the eucalyptus—and to the critical New England eye at least they are the most slatternly of the tree family. Somehow it seems as if there should be one home in Carmel with a name derived from this charming tree, but if there is I have not found it.

When it comes to deciding just why the cypress is not among those present on the Carmel house-names list, your guess is as good as mine. Next to the pines and oaks there are more cypresses than anything else. On Scenic Drive which winds along the cliffs and sand dunes they are particularly numerous. If there is any spot on earth where the tree plays the role of sacred cow, it is here in Carmel, and even derogatory remarks are considered blasphemous. But it is difficult to see great beauty in these hardy specimens. They look like nothing so much as a child's first drawing of a tree whose stiff, straight branches shoot out at the same graceful angles as the arms on an old-fashioned clothes reel!

This species of cypress, so numerous in the village and other parts of California, must not be confused with the Monterey cypress, those indescribably fantastic trees blown by the winds into weird shapes and found only on Point Lobos and the famous Seventeen Mile Drive. Particularly unattractive and infuriating are these ordinary Carmel cypresses when a dense, unpruned clump of them gradually obscures your cherished glimpse of the sea. And the owner regards you with horror if you have the temerity to suggest such a sacrilege as trimming off their ragged tops. [illegible] as the name for a house the word *cypress* is surely as euphonious as *oak* or *pine*.

Well, omitting the silvery-leaved, fragrant eucalyptus and the irrepressible cypress, there are only a handful of other arboreal house names left: some of these are *Acacia, Chinquapins, Manzanita, Genista, Redwood House, Forest Rest* and *White Cedars*. *Chaparral, Toyon Terrace, Wild Lilac, White Heather* and *Salvia* suggest further plant species of Carmel. Yet they give you no picture of the many gardens blazing with roses, geraniums, nasturtiums, cinerarias,

When you register at Del Monte

you become a member of a 20,000 acre playground • Four golf courses within a radius of three miles . . . polo, horseback riding over a hundred miles of bridle paths . . . skeet and trapshooting . . . tennis . . . every outdoor sport is available at Del Monte

Write for Folder

HOTEL DEL MONTE

On the Monterey Peninsula

passion flowers, bougainvillea and trumpet vines, verbena, heliotrope, begonia and others too numerous to mention—for there are flowers every month in the year. Not only is the temperate climate of Carmel favorable to flowers but there are a large number of people living here who have retired from active life and have plenty of leisure to devote to the fine art of gardening.

Fully a quarter of the signs on Carmel houses bear Spanish names which, if you know any California history, should not be surprising. There is something very musical in these soft syllables. Until you have been fiesta'd into a state of philistine callousness, they breathe a faint fragrance of other, more romantic days when life was apparently made up of moonlight and roses, tinkling guitars and seductive dark-eyed senoritas serenaded by handsome, invariably dashing caballeros! Whether magic for you or not, these Spanish names seldom contain a harsh-sounding combination of letters, though the meaning may be as prosaic and unoriginal as any English *Sea View*. Even if you have to guess at the pronunciation you can hardly spoil the pleasant sounds of *El Encanto, Laguna Vista, La Brisa del Mar, Quinta Pesares, Casita Mia, Olas Verdes, Chula Vista, Casa de Rosas, Muy Contento*—to pick only a few at random. The Spanish influence, of course, extends much further than house names. As in many other California towns and cities, many of the streets bear Spanish titles, such as *Dolores, San Carlos, Camino Real, Carmelo* and *Viscaino*. The Spanish style of architecture, however, did not come to Carmel until the last decade or so. It was at first considered distinctly out of place and disdainfully labeled "Hollywood," than which there was at one time no more opprobrious term available.

Other nationalities are practically non-existent as far as house names go, with a few Hawaiian exceptions, like *Leialoha* and the ubiquitous *Aloha*.

PERHAPS a bit too much has been written about Carmel in its role of a colony peopled by beings vaguely classed as "artists and writers." There have been writers, there have been artists; there are always a few of each in Carmel. Some are well known. The majority write and paint in comparative obscurity, enjoying themselves nevertheless. But the bulk of the population is made up of the same sort of people to be found anywhere. The newspapers have been responsible for a lot of highly-colored stories about the alleged Bohemian existence and fantastic amusements of the "artists" in Carmel. The truth is, naturally, that those who have really accomplished worthwhile things and been most acclaimed by the outside world are the least given to sensational exploits. They came for peace and quiet, not seeking the sort of cheap publicity for which it has been Carmel's misfortune to furnish material so often.

Early in its history a number of university professors and instructors from California and Stanford built homes in Carmel. There is a section of old-fashioned, redwood houses weathered to a somber gray-brown, still known as "Professor's Row," where they spent their vacations.

But Carmel can lay claim to more than its fair share of real celebrities, especially in those first halcyon years whose glory grows more dazzling as their legend recedes into the ever-glamorous past. The village history is bright with stories of Jack London, George Sterling, Mary Austin and Sinclair Lewis. And coming down the years are many other famous names whose lustre has kept the light of national interest focussed here, chief among them perhaps Harry Leon Wilson, Robinson Jeffers and the late Lincoln Steffens. To-day the latest *Who's Who* gives Carmel a list of twenty-four names, which includes writers, painters, sculptors, dramatists, scientists and others. For a village of little more than two thousand population this is undoubtedly a respectable percentage.

THERE is no denying that the number of charming, well-educated and intelligent people is unusually high in Carmel. But there are house names which make one wonder whether a slight touch of A. A. Milne whimsy has not affected otherwise sane and delightful people. Let me give you a few samples of the pet names with which some Carmel houses are tagged: *Cheerio, Kozee, Me Too, Out 'n' Inn, Wee Gables, Cuddledoon, Tea Cozy, Little Grey Home, Cookie Jar, Elves House, Cock's Crow, Brownie, Sandbox, Sand Trap, Solid Comfort, Poke Bonnet, Trail In, Grey Goose, Friar Tuck, Bide-a-Wee, Robbers Roost, Angel Child, Three Sheets in the Wind* . . . and so on and on!

And then there are the poor little houses whose owners don't want you to think they aren't humorously aware of their diminutive size. So they are labeled *Rumbleseat, Postscript, Afterthot, Pumpkin Shell, Little Cottage of the River Winds, Postage Stamp, Wee House* (two of these!), *Nutshell, Knothole, Demi-Tasse, Half Pint, Nest, Humming Bird, Weed High, Tuckaway, Microbe* and *Molecule*. Others which seem to fit into no special class, but reflect some private fancy, include two *Hob Nobs*, two *One's*, two *Two's*, a *Three*, an *O.K.*, *My House, Ourown, We Two, The Secret Door* and *Next Door*. Along the color line green is a popular fancy: *Green Gate, Green Lantern, Green Leaf, Green Lattice* and *Green Dragon*.

The gate to the house on San Antonio street in which Lincoln Steffens lived for some years and where he recently died has long been plainly marked *Getaway*. This sounds a little more forbidding than it actually was since Lincoln Steffens was unusually generous in the matter of receiving strangers who wished to meet him.

Odd names concocted from surnames are only occasionally found, but down on the rocky point south of Carmel there is a stucco home labeled *Seagerette*. Take off the last four letters and you have the telephone directory entry for the occupant of this house.

Not far from here, around the corner as it were and facing the open sea, crouches a low stone house guarded by a sturdy tower close by. There is no decorative sign to blazon forth the information that this is the home of the man who in the eyes of the world now sheds the most glory on Carmel. But if you don't drive by too fast you may read in small letters at the gate—*R. Jeffers, Tor House*.

✦ ✦ ✦

"When a man who wishes to reform the world takes it in hand, I perceive that there is no end to it!"

MRS. EDITH McALPINE

announces

OPENING OF

ALPINE INN

ON SATURDAY
MARCH 27

LUNCH · TEA · DINNER

Delicious Food in a
Delightful Atmosphere

DOLORES STREET
In the Court Opposite
the Old Post Office

番長

We Clean Um
We Press Um
NICEY!

NOW
our regular service is

Carmel Cleaners
Of course . . . we call and deliver
Dolores Street
Phone 242

Trudi Schoop and Her Ballet Just Can't Be All the Critics Say

Press reports from other cities indicate a rare treat is in store for htose fortunate enough to see Trudi Schoop on her coming visit to Carmel on March 27. She has just completed three performances at the Philharmonic Auditorium in Los Angeles and will reappear there for a return engagement after her tour of northern California.

"Doubling the delight of enthusiasts of her visit last year, raising the doubters to the status of zealots, Truid Schoop last night at Philharmonic auditorium led her troupe of dancers through a comic ballet that lasted a whole evening and won brilliant applause. This ballet kept the audience in a continual chuckle with impudent bufoonery, satirical inventions, and a thoroughly explicit choreography."

This ballet, "The Blonde Marie," is a wish fulfillment story of an European girl who rises from servant's apron to a wealthy patron of the arts, with a lover of her own. Almost like a complete silent film, it parallels pathos, and buffoonery, showing how the servant girl becomes a stage star, marries a rich man, has servants of her own, patronizes a struggling young artist, shoots her jealous husband at an art exhibition.

"It is extremely entertaining satire, at times deep enough to make important social comment. The dance-play has the lilt and spirit of a Molnar comedy, the pantomimic technique of a Chaplin film.

Miss Schoop again shows her remarkable gift for pantomime and a genius for telling story and revealing character through individual and choral movements."

This will be the last concert in the Carmel Music Society's winter series and one of the best things of the year.

Did You Know Of Death of S.A.R.?

Perhaps a few of you know, but Carmel generally has not known until this minute, as it reads this, that S.A.R. is dead.

Stephen A. Reynolds, it has been reported to us, died in a hospital in Washington, D.C., all of a year ago. Word reached us in a roundabout way through a mutual friend from Jean who was once upon a time known to Carmel as "The Bride." S.A.R., by word of mouth and in his persistent public print, so called her. He wrote many an amusing episode in which The Bride figured prominently—The Bride and the dog.

S.A.R. figured long and prominently in Carmel life, principally the Carmel lure of printers' ink. He was always publishing something, either consecutively for intermittent periods, or intermittently for consecutive periods. Some of it was good, and some of it was awful. But he carved a niche for himself here, and to those who have the virtues of tolerance and understanding, he was a friend and a good one.

He left Carmel the last time in 1935, nearly blind, but with his restless spirit still carrying him forward. He left believing that he could be cured. He went to the veterans' hospital in Washington with that confidence. He was a Spanish War veteran with a notable record as a soldier. He continued to fight after the war was over, transferring his sabre thrusts from the Spaniards to about everyone who chanced to get within range of his wide sweeps

S.A.R. will long be remembered in Carmel, perhaps bitterly by some, but lovingly by others. He was a man whom you either liked a lot, or didn't like a lot more. And that is a tribute we do not hesitate to pay him.

He is the author of "Carmel Poets and Peasants," to be found in the local library.

Ich Will Nicht Star At Filmarte

Gustav Froehlich, who will be seen opposite Charlotte Susa in "Zwei Menschen," (Two Souls), called by critics Europe's most beautiful film, which opens an engagement of three days at the Filmarte Theatre tonight, is one of the most popular stars in Europe, according to film observers.

Froehlich, who was first seen here in the now memorable "Metropolis," directed by Fritz Lang, is said to the most sought-after star in European films. He has appeared in some of the most notable motion pictures produced on the Continent including "The Immortal Vagabond," "A Waltz by Strauss," and "Ich Will Nicht Wissen Wer Du Bist," which was directed by Geza Von Bolvary, creator of the immortal "Two Hearts In Waltz Time."

Adapted from the best selling novel by Peter Voss, "Zwei Menschen," was filmed in actual locations in the beautiful Tyrolean Alps. Erich Waschneck directed the production for Cicero Films. The German dialogue is fully translated by English titles.

\+ + +

DON BLANDING TELLS SUNSET PUPILS ABOUT HAWAII

Don Blanding told the pupils of Sunset School Wednesday afternoon of this week what Hawaiian children do to amuse themselves. All the pupils from the fourth to the eighth grade heard Don and enjoyed him immensely. He gave the boys the name of Pua and the girls Leinani, and Pua and Leinani played all over the eight Hawaiian Islands. He also taught them how to pronounce some seemingly unpronounceable Hawaiian words.

\+ + +

"The superior virtue is not recognized as such and it is therefore the very essence of virtue."

PANEGYRIC

We love our little Carmel folk;
We love them one and all.
We love them when they rise to heights,
And 'specially when they fall.
We love the young ones who cavort
And those who cut a caper;
We even love the ones who snort,
Entrenched behind their paper.
A few of us have done our best,
And sown an oat or three;
Then come here for a well-earned rest;
Close by the restless sea.
For those of us who try to paint,
Or wield a lively pen;
For staggering sons with no restraint,
Who know not the word "When"
For all of us, again we say,
We feel a love inspired,
For those of us who like to play,
And even those too tired.
We love our little Carmel folk;
We love them one and all.
We love them when they rise to heights
And 'specially when they fall.

—Libby Ley

A RARE OPPORTUNITY
FOR A
LOVELY HOME
Beautiful Corner in South End of Carmel • 3 Bedrooms, Knotty Pine Interior, Concrete Foundation, Furnished
$3200 CASH
DAISY BOSTICK — Real Estate, Insurance
KENNETH WOOD — Rentals, Notary
OCEAN AND SAN CARLOS
CARMEL

Easter Specials!
Hams Poultry Rabbits
and our congratulations
to
潘長
Weaver's
Mission Market

祐上
汝天
And we mean just that!
LIKE PON CHUNG, THE PINE TREES,
AND THE MISSION
WHITNEY'S
is part and parcel of Carmel
BREAKFAST LUNCHEON DINNER
. . . and one of the most attractive tap rooms on the coast!

無綫電浪波

KGO—This morning at 11 o'clock. Walter Damrosch in the Music Appreciation program.
KSFO—This evening at 7 o'clock. Philadelphia Orchestra.
KGO—This evening at 8 o'clock. Chicago Symphony
KSFO—Tomorrow evening (Saturday) at 8:30 o'clock. Cincinnati Conservatory.
KPO—Tomorrow evening at 9 o'clock. Abram Chasins, pianist.
KGO—Tomorrow morning at 11 o'clock. The Metropolitan Opera, "Faust."
KGO—Sunday morning at 10:30 o'clock. "Our Neighbors"—human nature in an interesting series.
KGO—Sunday morning at 11 o'clock. Magic Key, with Segovia, guitarist, and Joseph Schmidt
KSFO—Sunday at noon. New York Philharmonic, Rodzinski directing all Richard Strauss program.
KSFO—Sunday afternoon at 4 o'clock Columbia Workshop.
KPO—Sunday evening at 7 o'clock. General Motors presents Marion Anderson, famous colored singer.
KGO—Tuesday morning at 10:45 o'clock. Rochester Civic Orchestra.
KGO—Tuesday afternoon at 4:30 o'clock. Music of the Masters, selection of very fine, rare records.
KPO—Wednesday morning at 11 o'clock. Music Guild.
KGO—Thursday afternoon at 6 o'clock. Boston Symphony.

WILLOW

Weeping-willow
Tree of green jade . . . .
Strung with gems of morning-crystal
Mirrored in water . . .
The wind stirs;
They fall with soft crash;
Wreckage of jewels
United in the single diamond
Of the pool.

—Dora Hagemeyer

UNA JEFFERS TALKS ABOUT GEORGE MOORE

Mrs. Una Jeffers talked to the Book Section of the Carmel Woman's Club on Wednesday morning about the life of George Moore. A personal friend and admirer of Moore, Mrs. Jeffers was able, by excerpt and anecdote, to communicate to her audience some of that fine, brave Irish spirit, along with large dashes of the fine brave Irish humor. She spoke without notes, as the spontaneous nature of her subject demanded, and a full audience gave her the intense absorption she deserved. Mrs. Miller is again to be congratulated on a *tour de force*.

\+ + +

"HELP YOURSELF" DESERVED A MUCH BETTER HOUSE

Carmel turned out in a body, a large body of 50 or just possibly 51 people, to see the WPA play, "Help Yourself." And it really was a very creditable production. The cast was well-balanced, the tempo fast, almost too fast at times, and the voices could be heard, even when an actor turned his back to the audience. Peter Brocco, as the effeminate "fuss-fuss" bank clerk, was especially good. One could never be quite certain whether one wanted to pat his head or slap him. Paul Reyner, as *Christopher Wyatt*, gave a good account of himself, and his speech to the bank's board of directors, was the longest and fastest thing perpetrated on a Carmel stage in many a long day. As a play, we wouldn't go across the street to see its kind again, for we don't like most farces, but at least this one was well done. —M. R. S.

\+ + +

"A man may know the world without leaving his own home."

MC GAW-KNOX TO READ "ETHAN FROME"

Tomorrow night Baldwin McGaw and Emma Knox will read the play, "Ethan Frome," at the Golden Bough Green Room on Casanova street near Eighth. This should be an unusual program as the play is said to be even more interesting and moving than the book.

\+ + +

shall be preserved to the end."

"To teach without words and to be useful without action, few men are capable of this."

Hot Cross Buns

Dolores Bakery

Filmarte
CARMEL • MONTE VERDE AT EIGHTH • PHONE 403
EXCLUSIVE ROADSHOW
FIRST SHOWING IN STATE
Uncensored!
I WAS A CAPTIVE OF NAZI GERMANY
•
You've read about it—the papers were full of it. NOW you can SEE the authentic story of ISOBEL STEELE the American girl captured and imprisoned without trial on charges of espionage by the Nazis
•
3 DAYS ONLY
TUES-WED-THURS
MARCH 23-24-25
Reserved Seats 75c
(Loge Section)
General Adm. 55c
Telephone Reservations Now
Performances Twice Nightly
7:00 and 9:00
Special Matinee—Wed. at 2:30
Prices Slightly Lower

番長
Hardware
EVEN A CHINESE
would get excited
ABOUT
CHAMBERS ELECTRIC RANGES
SPARTON REFRIGERATORS
•
Any make of radio repaired
Locks repaired • Keys made
Carmel Hardware Co.
Dolores Street • Telephone 463

The Psychological Development Of the Modern Child

It is only through an understanding of the physical growth of the child that we can hope to understand his emotional and mental development and to account for his personality.

In studying the child we may think of him as a three-sided pyramid based upon heredity. The surfaces are (1) mental, (2) emotional, (3) physical. This pyramid is topped by personality. There is an integration of these three surfaces. No one knows the relationship of the three, but one cannot function without the other.

There are anatomical changes of growth, but more important are the functional changes of growth. The primary functions are: 1) Nutrition—Digestive system, 2) Movement—Skeletal and muscular, 3) Reproduction—Reproductive organs, 4) Self-defense—skin and bones. These integrate with the circulatory, nervous and endocrine systems.

There must be an integration and coordination of these four primary functions as all thoughts and acts arise or develop from these four things.

The body, mind and spirit are one. We cannot divide, but must have in integration of these three.

The physical development we have by proportions—height, weight, etc. The physical development should go on at a certain definite rate. If it does not, we know there is something wrong.

The mental development should conform to standards. We know that the baby learns to recognize its parents, to hold up its head, to feed itself and to dress itself at certain definite times. Any marked irregularity is abnormal.

Last, but by no means least, is the social or moral development. This we may speak of as the development of the child's personality, of the ability he has for social adaptability. The fundamental personality pattern of the individual is started before birth and well developed in childhood. Childhood, in most lives, is the formative period, the period of rapid development.

Usually and normally the development in these three spheres—physical, mental and social or moral personality development—goes on, you might say hand in hand or in unison. Unfortunately, however, that is not always the case and we may have a high I.Q. (intelligence quotient) and a low P.Q. (personality quotient). We may have a young man of 20 with a normal I. Q. and a P.Q. of 8 or 10. These are our worst problems—these are our criminals.

Behavior in an individual is due to heritage and environment, and it is important in regard to the individual and to society, and particularly, in regard to the criminal and the insane.

It costs between 15 and 25 billion dollars a year in the United States, for the support of crime, or $16 per person per month. Half of the hospital beds are occupied by insane patients. Their trouble starts at puberty which is a time that is so difficult and which is regulated by the ductless gland system. The tremendous increase in criminals and insanes makes this a matter of vital concern to all of us.

Unless you know something about the curves of growth of boys and girls you know nothing about helping the boy or girl. The growth from girlhood to womanhood and boyhood to manhood is an essential factor in development. It is only through an understanding of the physical growth of the child that we can hope to understand his emotional and mental development. Through biology we study life. Biology includes the study of physiology, and we can't study pysiology today without studying endocrinology—the study of the ductless glands.

It is only within the past 25 or 30 years that the functions of the ductless or endocrine glands have been known and understood. These glands, the best known of which are the thyroid, pineal, thymus, adrenals, the parathyroids and pituitary, are very small, but extremely powerful. Indeed, all of the ductless glands in a human body could be placed in a child's ordinary pencil box and carried in one's pocket. The removal of any one of at least six of these, however, would cause death, so essential are they to the operating efficiency of the body. They influence all development and behavior. If they are incapable of doing their work, idiocy, nervousness, overdevelopment or underdevelopment, and other disorders of growth may result. Many of the side show freaks—the giant, the dwarf, and the fat lady are victims of an unfortunate condition of the glands of internal secretion.

Fortunaely, science has discovered means by which these glandular conditions can be corrected if recognized in time and properly treated.

Dr. Stolz assistant superintendent of the Oakland Schools has, over a period of years, studied a group of 100 children. Many of these children were problem cases lacking in social adaptability, were phlegmatic, emotional, psychotics. In each case, there were found to be definite glandular disturbances, and after consistent treatment, these boys and girls were able to adjust themselves socially.

Therefore, if we are to help the child, we must deal with him *here* and *now* to make him feel: 1) more secure, 2) more significant—and in doing this we need to recognize the relationship between the ductless glands and the development of personality.

—Frances Coetle Johnson
Teacher, 7th Grade, Sunset School

+ + +

Del Monte Struts Styles Tonight

Swell looking girls in swell looking clothes are to strut their stuff and some of Magnin's at the Del Monte fashion show in the Bali Room of the hotel tonight.

A fortune or two in furs will be displayed by some of San Francisco's most attractive models (no press agent needs to tell us that) at the show which will commence at 9 o'clock sharp and peppy.

There will also be a showing of beach attire, including the new long-fitted princess beach coats with their gay-colored visors to match, which are guaranteed to catch the eye of the most indifferent male on Carmel's or any man's beach.

Marquisettes, we hear, will be all the rage for evening wear in dark shades and pastels, printed chiffons and sheer blacks, and for general sports dresses silk jerseys in prints with white, or pastel, backgrounds will set the style.

"I Was a Captive of Nazi Germany" Comes to Filmarte Next Week

Isobel Steele, the American girl whom Nazis arrested and threw into prison, charging her with espionage and treason, comes before the public again in a Cinematic record of her experiences prior to, and during her four-months' incarceration in Germany.

In Miss Steele's picture, "I Was A Captive of Nazi Germany," which comes to the Filmarte on a special roadshow basis next Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, she re-enacts a role with which she is thoroughly familiar—that of herself. For the reason that any player taking part in an assault on the Nazi government can never make an appearance in that country, the cast is not listed.

Late in 1934, Miss Steele, an American citizen studying music in Berlin was seized and imprisoned by the Nazi regime. Accused of very serious offenses she was thrown in prison after gruelling third degree methods, but without a trial of any kind. Four months passed before Senator William E. Borah of Idaho managed to intervene and procure her release.

Producer Alfred Mannon, aided by Miss Steele, and her diary kept while in prison (which was later syndicated in several American newspapers), has produced a film which relates with dignity, but without reservation, her unfortunate experiences as an innocent victim of German's governmental system.

Manager Richard Bare says that this showing of "I Was A Captive of Nazi Germany" is the very first in the state of California, and will be shown exclusively at the Filmarte.

Due to the difficulty of arranging this premiere showing, admission prices will be increased. Reserved seats (loges) will be 75c, and general admission, 55c. Reserved seats can be obtained by telephoning 403.

Evening performances will begin at the usual time, with the feature picture going on at 7:30 and 9:30 o'clock. A special matinee, at slightly reduced prices, will be held on Wednesday at 2:30.

"I Was A Captive of Nazi Germany" has received excellent New York reviews, where it has only recently had its world premiere. Of the film the New York *Daily News* says: "Truth stranger than fiction—every American should see it."

Mrs. Ruth Pennell
OF BERKELEY

has taken WILD LILAC COTTAGE at EL CAMINO *near* TWELFTH, where she has an interesting collection of OLD PERSIAN HAND-HAMMERED COPPER, PERSIAN COSTUMES, BROCADES AND HAND-MADE JEWELRY and OLD LOWESTOFT CHINA, which will be

Shown by Appointment

TELEPHONE 1124-W

Free
TO
潘長
ONE OF OUR
DELICIOUS
ICE CREAM SODAS
Whenever He Wants
To Call For It—And
Congratulations To Him

WALT'S DAIRY
"WHERE SMART PEOPLE
SANDWICH"

MACBETH'S

announce the opening of
the new shop

Ocean Avenue
on the Court of the
Golden Bough

Saturday
March
27

Health Students Write Modern Mother Goose

In their good health course pupils in Mrs. Frances C. Johnson's room have taken up the matter of propaganda, paraphrasing Mother Goose rhymes with the malicious intent of encouraging children to eat more of the more healthful things. As, for instance:

Jack be Nimble
Jack be quick,
Why could he jump
The candle stick?

Because each night
Twelve hours he slept
And his teeth so clean
And white he kept.

He drank milk
Ate vegetables too,
And this is what we
All should do.

—CHARLOTTE TOWNSEND

Little Tommy Tucker sang for his supper
What shall we give him?
Brown bread and butter,
Vegetables, fruit and milk a'plenty.
He'll be healthy if his plate's left empty.

—LAUREL BIXLER

Higgle de piggle de, my black hen
Lays one egg where she should lay ten.
But even one egg has vitamin D,
And we need that vitamin badly you see.

—MARGOT COFFIN

SONNET TO JADE EYES

You say your eyes are green, and so I know
Why jade is beautiful; why pounding seas,
Hiding in emerald depths their mysteries,
Draw strong men down. I know why grasses grow
On wondrous hills; why martial vineyards blow
In low-swept winds; in wanton ecstasies
Soft breezes kiss the shading hemlock trees,
And wild birds seek chance verdure in the snow.

When slumbering Nature lifts her head from sleep—
Fair Virgin of the Cloud to wed the Sun—
She garbs herself in green, the radiant, deep
Green mantle of the Spring by Winter spun.
And as the year finds strength with glad surprise,
So I drink deep the vintage of your eyes.

—W. K. B.

GUY CURTIS VISITS US; MAKES NICE SPEECHEE

Guy Curtis, the peninsula's move-around-quick publicity man and direct-mail wizard, came over to Carmel Wednesday night and practised his oratory on the Carmel city council. He did quite well, but he didn't get anywhere. There was, in fact, no where to get.

Curtis, representing the humane society, made an appeal to Carmel to join with Pacific Grove and Monterey and have its dog license period run from January to January instead of July to July. It would simplify the work of checking on dogs and such, he said, and Carmel's council agreed with him. In fact, there was quite a little discussion about the wisdom of Curtis' request and any man would have been pleased at his own forensic might.

But Argyll Campbell is always looking up things. He can spoil more mutual-admiration parties by what he finds in a book than any man we know. He looked in a book. He looked up Carmel's dog ordinance. As Pon Chung might put it, he "lookee too muchee." He read in the book that Carmel's dog licenses run from January to January.

Anyway, Curtis said it was good practice and he's going to work on the Pacific Grove council tomorrow night. Argyll got mad at the P.G. council some time back, and it hasn't the advantage of his legal aid. Curtis may get somewhere over there.

\+ + +

Miss Happy White, daughter of Jessel and Ruth White of Kenosha, Wisconsin, is visiting the Paul Flanders at "Outland". Miss White will be here for several weeks.

\+ + +

"When a nation is filled with strife then do patriots flourish."

MARCH BUILDING PERMITS $24,000 TO DATE

With 12 days yet to go, March building permits total more than $24,000, only $6,000 under February, which is said to have been the record month in Carmel building history. January's total was $26,000. The three months are expected to set a figure for a quarter year that will long stand as the zenith.

New permits for the past week include:

Neils Reimers, remodeling of Carmel Inn, $1400. Work to be done by J. Williams.

Ida M. Theurer, cottage, $5,000. Ernest Bixler, builder.

Major R. A. Coote, cottage, $3,800. Hugh Comstock, builder.

\+ + +

WILD PLUM

Thin black branches
Jet with rain
And set with silver bloom . .
How slyly have you chosen
That old back yard
Against your star-like beauty!

—DORA HAGEMEYER

DENNY
WATROUS MANAGEMENT

Presents

Martha Graham
and Dance Group

SUNSET SCHOOL AUDITORIUM

SATURDAY, APRIL 10, 8:30 P. M.

TICKETS 2.50, 2.00, 1.50, 1.00, 50c PLUS TAX

You may think it's *never* coming ... but it is

AND THEN—OH BOY!

What happens to the milk and butter?

A G-E Triple-Thrift Refrigerator

will laugh at the summer heat!

A little down—a long time to pay

Carl S. Rohr
Electric
CARMEL

THE BIG REFRIGERATOR BUY FOR 1937!

• More Ice Cubes • More Cold Capacity • More Storage Space • More Conveniences and LESS COST. *See for yourself!*

NEW LOW PRICES!

★15 New G-E Models!
★New, Faster Freezing Speeds!
★New, Easy Out Ice Cube Trays!
★New Thrift-mometer to show at a glance that cabinet temperature is correct and economical.
★New Full Width Sliding Shelves to give more usable storage capacity, even the top shelf slides!
★Automatic Interior Lighting.
★All 4 refrigeration services—1. Fast Freezing; 2. Frozen storage; 3. Normal safety-zone storage; 4. Fresh vegetable storage.

EASY TO BUY—Terms that permit it to pay its own way.

• G-E Thrift Unit is only refrigerator mechanism with *forced-feed lubrication* and *oil cooling*—exclusive features that assure quieter operation, less current cost and longer life.

AUTOMATIC THRIFT UNIT Sealed-in-Steel

Requires no attention. Not even oiling!

We Know Who Pon Chung Is, But What Was He and Whence Came This Chinaman?

(Continued from Page One)

had his first bath, with some ceremony. Among the things put into his bath water were hard-boiled eggs, both red and white; white as a wish for many years and white hair; the red that he might have abundant life. A slice of green ginger was rubbed on his navel to charm away sickness and an unpeeled onion drawn the length of his body for cleverness. After he had been dressed an open lock was moved over him from the head to the feet. As it touched the ground it was locked, thus locking him into the world. This, with the burning of incense to his ancestors, launched the dark and wizened young Pon Chung on the frictious sea of life.

That Pon Wi was a man of a modicum of substance is attested by the fact that he visited the United States before Pon Chung was born and then returned to his small farm to take up the duties of husbandman. As in the Salinas Valley, black earth blessed his acres and he and his sons, in the wide dawns of South China, fed into this hungry soil the seeds of rice and corn and sweet potatoes, and the beans that come up, with a slight breach presentation, to nourish the millions. At evening, the boys played with whittled sticks, tiles, and on festive days—a bridal procession in the village—they went and beat their sticks in the hutung and listened, fascinated, to the clanging of the cymbals.

The story of Pon's migrations in California, after, at the age of 13 years, he came to America, is the not unusual tale of the boy in a new world. And a graceless one. In California in 1908 there were no ancestors to bolster up a man's pride; in the restaurants where he cooked, the canneries where he learned to seal cans; in Marysville and Visalia and up the Sacramento River he met men with strange, harsh faces, or the emotional eyes of south Europe, but what he thought about it will never be known. He had his little laugh and his pipe and the shops sold *un gar pei*. In 1920, he managed somehow to get a very small restaurant of his own in San Francisco, on Washington street near Grant avenue. But that lasted only seven months and came to an impecuniary end.

In 1920, Pon came to Carmel.

Of his personal life, Pon is reluctant to speak; or is vague with that direct uncertainty of a race to whom first things come first, and the first things are not physical, or descriptive experiences. In Canton he has three sons. His wife is dead, and, as he says, he has no more wife now. When asked why he did not remarry, he only said, Amelican girl too expensee, too much dressee. He janitors and gardens. Over at Walt Tuthill's you may see him, some evenings, deep down in a game of pinochle. On one occasion in town, he won a whiskey decanter playing that most unoriental of games—Bridge. But, for the most part, when he is not working, he potters about his little house, or sits on his diminutive back porch and smokes the long pipe with the tobacco which has been aged and aged, and soaked in oil, for a palate which was not conceived in the western world.

The stories about Pon's induction into the Carmel Fire Department—thus making him the only Chinese fireman in America—are many, and some have already grown into the proportions of legend. The simple, visible truth appears to be that he kept on going to fires, until someone just up and rewarded him with a uniform and a badge. The most fantastic is perhaps as near the truth as the simplest. And the most fantastic is this:

His father's house got afire. In China, so the story runs, if your house is burning, you rush out and hire the fire department to put it out. And to the extent to which they are successful, they get paid. In this instance, the Carmel Fire Department achieved a practically whole success. But when Pon Wi reached into his sleeve to discharge his indebtedness he was astonished to learn that, in America, this noble act is a courtesy of the city. In his excess of gratitude, Pon Wi is said to have presented his son to the Fire Department.

It is not really important that there is no perceptible grain of truth in this fable. Perhaps, knowing he has no element of fire in him, he is attracted, by a great craving, to this element, wishing to propitiate some god or so to complete his allotted number of elements in this world that he shall have done credit to his ancestors. Perhaps, as he stands and watches the flames—which he does often, now that he has been honorably discharged from the service—he sees in them what is requisite for him to see, as a gull must when he stands at evening and searches his horizon; or as a child sees.

Pon's last birthday was celebrated when he was a year old. Not until he is fifty—eight years hence—will he be required, by the graciously desirable custom of his native land, to recognize another. While he is achieving this illustrious estate he will be seen, as ever, patrolling our streets, a little reminiscent of de Maupassant's old man in "A Piece of String," because he stoops every now and then to retrieve some bit of glitter from oblivion. If your face is new here, he will look at it carefully and one day speak to you, in the name of courtesy and of Carmel. Now and then, he and Pal can be found strolling together; Pal's whiskers bristling up and Pon's just slightly drooped. Both pondering the imponderable. When he is fifty years old, perhaps his townspeople will do honor to his second birth festival, and make their obeisances, as in his beloved land, to The God of Long Life. It is to be hoped that, on that occasion as on this, our eminent citizen of just and respectable fame will do us his honorable esteem by accepting our zealous felicitations.

\+ + +

The Purity Stores Lease Wermuth Building Here

A lease on the entire garage building, owned by Mr. and Mrs. Fred Wermuth, and until recently occupied by the Poklen Chevrolet Company, has been taken by the Purity Stores, grocery chain.

Work on tearing out the partitions and remodelling the building for a grocery was started this week and the new occupants expect to open the huge store within two weeks

It is not definitely known as yet whether the Purity will give up the lease it holds on its present store just west of the new location on Ocean avenue near San Carlos. It still has a long time to run and there is some question as to the privilege of the present occupants in subleasing the property.

The Wermuth location will give the Purity as large a grocery as there is on the Peninsula.

The Wermuths will continue the trucking business and their warehouse on the second floor of the building. Their office will be a small portion of the rear of the ground floor facing on Sixth street.

A LITTLE HOAX

A human is a pleasant toy so neat and well conceived;
The wheels go 'round, he eats and sleeps nor seems unduly grieved.
He seldom asks why he should be:
Born sentient in futility,
Nor does he see that human love is but another hoax
That he may live and re-create
God's favorite little jokes.

—Libby Ley

EXHIBITION
OF
CARMEL STUDIO
POTTERY
BY
HENRY · B · DICKINSON
AT
TILLY POLAK'S
FOR ONE WEEK
BEGINNING WEDNESDAY
MARCH 24

番長
Goes to bed
just as we
start out
THAT SHOWS HOW EARLY
YOU GET
McDonald
Dairy
Milk Service
+
ABSOLUTELY THE PUREST AND
BEST IN ALL DAIRY PRODUCTS
Telephone 700
Gene Ricketts, *Sole Owner*

番長
LEIDIG
MARKET
WE CARRY THE LARGEST
STOCK IN ALL STANDARD
BRANDS OF GROCERIES...
WE OFFER THE WIDEST
SELECTION IN THE FRESH-
EST POSSIBLE VEGETABLES
...OUR LIQUOR SHELVES
ARE THE MOST EXTENSIVE
Phone Carmel 168
OPEN EVENINGS, SUNDAYS, AND HOLIDAYS
FREE DELIVERY PEBBLE BEACH, HIGHLANDS

Two Dozen Girls Glorify Gowns From Carmel's Smart Shops

A couple of dozen of our prettiest girls—and pretty, we mean—powdered their noses and puffed out their cheeks and preened themselves very Springsomely at the Fashion Show given last night by the Women's Auxiliary of the Ameican Legion. And John and Mitzi tried to do their stuff on a ha'penny postage stamp and Tommy Gonzales tinkled away at the tinnery they provided him with and Franklin Dixon did the rest. (So to speak.)

The girls who modeled were Mrs. A. A. Arehart of Monterey, Lucy Bensberg, Ellen Brown, Jessie Brown, Patty Condit, Marjorie Lee Davis, Ann Ewig, Ruth Austin Ford, Jane Fylling, Maxine Laney, Sally McCreery, Betty Morse, Cornelia Mulvin, Caroline and Billy Raines, Lillias Rice, Bernice Riley, Ellen Skadan, Asa and Hope Sykes, Marguerite Tickle, Miriam Watson and Happy Whyte.

All day yesterday the shops were in a dither. We have seldom seen such jumping through linen and silken hoops as Matie Coppuck was doing. The last time we saw her she had packed herself all up nicely in tissue, tied the ribbons and left a gorgeous French metal chintz swim suit standing forlornly in the middle of the room.

From Anna Katz, we had small Jane Fylling in starched brown marquisette with white posies discreetly strewn and an Eton jacket, very smooth. Cinderella Shop did so many lovely things, it's pretty hard to say, but we think we should nominate for the most felicitous little number, that Dalmatian print dirndl with hand hemstitched ruching at the neck. It was a little van Gogh in effect and that ended at the hat. For that hat, by Vogue, right up and down on the back of the head, was almost too much for Marjorie Lee. She wore it with the air of someone who feels some buttons unbuttoning.

Why say anything at all about Cornelia Mulvin in her white gabardine breeks from Imelman's? And the brown and white Tattersall vest she wore? Or her face for that matter? Dee-scriptible! Beverly told us they were going to have a beachcomber in one of those cowboy shirts, and some Red Keds, and we waited—the louse.

The Irene Lucien shop got Marguerite Tickle into a starched brown lace and Miss Tickle does well in such things; Lucy Bensberg wore a black tailleur of theirs and looked like our idea of a Duchess, custom built, and a special paint job.

If Sally McCreery hadn't been quite so lovely in her Mandarin coat and Miss Tickle in those red and white lounging things we would have said the Der Ling shop was pretty smart if they'd concentrated on Caroline and Billy Raines. Aged three and four, or thus, they whirled and eddied in their little kimonos with a *savoir faire* many of their elders had nothing of whatsoever.

Ellen Skadan and her jacinth blue tweed sports suit from the Vanity Fair girls, with its jigger coat and little batted pockets and a houmpf out from the waist in back was slick as a whistle and that unripe blackberry print did a good job for her and the shop.

A draw between Maxine Laney in the imported homespun with *petit point* embroidery, which the Viennese Herrons showed, and Mrs. Herron's own white satin Russian piece worn by one of the Sykes sisters. Those Viennese clothes are something elegant.

Indeed, there were so many things that we have only picked a favorite from each shop and let it go at that. Without any doubt, Patty Condit was our favorite model. That little girl will take some watching.

It's quite impossible to say more than that John and Mitzi did a pleasant piece of exhibition dancing on a space not big enough to exhibit a good red apple in. We hope to see them again soon in a few leaps and entre chats.

Congratulations to Ann Ewig and Katherine Whitney and Katherine Peterson for so much hard work and to everybody for a good little show. We didn't dare stay longer, for the strains of The Blue Danube Waltz had started and we deem ourselves indispensable to the folding and mailing of THE CYMBAL.

—L. S.

+

SMALL FIRE

The fire late yesterday afternoon was in the Woolsey house on Scenic Drive near Twelfth. It wasn't much—a small blaze in the basement.

+ + +

"After blossoming for a while, everything dies down to its root."

CHINESE CULTURE

By D. T. MAC DOUGAL

Member, American Advisory Board, Yung Ching University, Pekin

The Chinese culture has run the longest unbroken course of which any dependable record is available. Civilization, as expressed by intellectual and artistic expression in literature, especially poetry, painting, special forms of sculpture, attained a high level so long ago in China that the number of centuries it has been maintained is a matter of minor consequence. Passive but resilient, durable, self-contained, spiritual and contemplative, the only philosophy ever developed was that of an attitude toward life and to fellow men.

Visiting Chinese scholars inform us that if the writings of Thoreau were translated into their language without signature, readers would assume authorship by one of their people, being widely detached from life, with no implications as to the practicalities, and with no tinge of the colloquial.

Only incidentally logical, never analytical, non-materialistic and wholly unscientific, yet the Chinese mind had its period of invention when wooden types for block printing, the compass and gunpowder were devised and advanced practices in agriculture including plant breeding were used.

Wonderful as these features may seem in long retrospect, they connoted no deep curiosity; no insight was gained as to the nature of magnetism, explosions, eclipses, or the material basis of life. Needles of iron from certain deposits swung into a north-southerly line when floated or suspended, a useful thing to know but it guided them over no strange seas to unknown lands. Mixtures of certain substances went with a bang when a spark happened along and that was abruptly that.

By a remarkable coincidence the age of invention in China was contemporaneous with that of Aristotle (fourth century B.C.), who carried out systematized observations on various subjects, and the school which was founded in Alexandria (named after one of his pupils) became in the third century B.C. the scene of a Hellenistic culture across the Mediterranean. Here in a great school a multitude of theologians, mathematicians and natural philosophers brought to a sharp focus the learning of the time and developed technique for experiments in many fields that was consonant with modern science. Had this been allowed to run its course science would have been advanced a thousand years, but Alexandria, its libraries and other records, was utterly destroyed by the Arabs early in the Christian era and its intellectual achievements not being shared by the people of any race or country perished with but the scantiest allusions to it in Greek and Arab literature.

It is fairly certain that the naturalists knew much about the human body and especially of the circulation of the blood, this latter important feature not to be triumphantly rediscovered by us until sixteen, perhaps eighteen centuries later. Along with belated triumph (Harvey 1628 A.D.) we re-invented types for printing, gunpowder and began playing with magnetism in a manner which finally lead us into the present bewildering mazes of this electro-mechanical age.

By what mental change did Chinese invention come to an end and could a second destruction nullify modern ingenuity, annihilate science and bring to an end a culture which has not yet run so long a course as that which flourished in Alexandria?

WE MAKE

Fine Stationery

A FEATURE

IN CARMEL'S MOST BEAUTIFUL AND COMPLETE DRUG STORE

You would be interested in the new Crane line of fascinating paper

Dolores Pharmacy

WHETHER IT'S A

BITE

ABOVE

OR A

NIP

BELOW

YOU'LL REMEMBER

THE SNACK

AS

Carmel's Unique Eating Place and Tap Room

We

DON'T SELL OPIUM CHINESE GIN, CHOW MEIN OR NOODLES

but about anything else

潘長

might care to have

IS HERE

Carmel's

5 CENTS TO $1.00 STORE

THIS LITTLE GIRL TAKES RIDE ON TRAIN TO MONTEREY AND WRITES LETTER ABOUT IT AS REQUESTED

We hope you have an enjoyable trip. Southern Pacific men and women are working every day to give the good service that is the basis of pleasant journeys. If you like our service we hope you will tell us and tell others about it. If anything goes wrong let us know so that we can prevent a recurrence.

—from S. P. ticket envelope

President
Southern Pacific Railroad

My dear President:

Your charmingly worded invitation to write and say how I enjoyed my trip on the Southern Pacific wasn't signed, so I have decided to send this letter right to you. Because I do want to tell you and the other Southern Pacific men and women who are, as you say, working every day for the comfort and happiness of travelers just what a marvelous trip I had.

While I was in the station at Santa Barbara checking my suitcase through to Monterey I heard one of your engineers (he was wearing the gayest little cap of blue material with white polka dots) saying to somebody that it was 112 degrees at San Luis Obispo the day before. I don't mind telling you that this gave me rather a jolt, knowing we had to pass through San Luis—I didn't see how one could possibly have a "pleasant journey" of five hours on *any* railroad through country sizzling at such a heathenish temperature. But suddenly and happily I remembered one of your advertisements which said that your trains were "air-conditioned". So I was sure everything would be all right.

The ticket agent had told me more people got off at Santa Barbara than got on and I shouldn't need a chair, there would be plenty of room in the day coaches. But I went and stood in the broiling sunshine as close to the track as I dared so I could hop onto the first car that seemed to have the least people in it. Somehow on a hot day I just don't want a lot of people near me. Haven't you felt that way yourself?

At the last minute when the train came thundering in I got a bit flustered by seeing a woman carrying a kitten and a little girl hanging onto a dog—it did look as if there were going to be trouble. So perhaps I didn't look carefully at all the coaches. The very first one up forward, however, appeared almost empty and I headed for the steps, eager to get started on my lovely ride.

But the conductor stopped me before I could get on and asked how far I was going. When I said "Salinas" (You know, of course, that one has to change to a bus there for Monterey. And do let me thank you right now before I forget it for arranging to give the journey variety and spice by this break. It's always *such* fun to gather up all one's possessions and transfer them to a bus, especially when the thermometer is up around a hundred)—well, when I said "Salinas", he next asked if I were traveling on a pass. And when I said "No", he finally let me get on the train. Now I do wish, when you answer my letter, you'd explain what this meant. I've tried so hard to puzzle it out, but the more I think about it the more confused I get. For instance, if I hadn't been getting off at Salinas, would he have asked me if I had a pass? Or if I had had a pass, would he have let me get off at Salinas? You see how it goes!

I got myself nicely established in a seat near the front of the car convenient to the ice water and settled down to enjoy the trip, with a Sunday paper to read and some grapes, crackers and chocolate for a lunch. I hope you'll pardon me for not making use of the dining car, but, you see, it was *such* a hot day that I was sure I wouldn't want to eat very much. When I bought the lunch I had forgotten about the air-conditioned cars and, of course, afterwards I couldn't waste it. (Maybe I should have mentioned that I come from New England.)

It was a thrilling journey. You must have had ever so much fun planning that amusing ride through the mountains near San Luis Obispo where the train turns right around and goes back and crosses its own track. I'll bet you laughed like anything to think how surprised the passengers would be! And the funny tunnels every few minutes that bring you right out over the edge of a deep canyon so that your heart jumps into your mouth because it looks as if you're going to shoot off into space! And then how clever and original to hitch an extra engine on in front. I couldn't help feeling that that extra engine was just typical of the lavish style of Southern Pacific travel, one of those little de luxe details, not important in itself, but helping to make up a delightful atmosphere of ease and luxury.

While I'm writing I want also to be sure to tell you how much I did enjoy the flavor of your ice water. I can't describe it but it was quite different from any other water I've ever tasted. I had several paper cups of it before we reached the station where a young man came on board with a pail of ice. He filled the tank, using his bare hands to pound the chunks of ice down with. I felt sorry for the poor thing because he seemed in a hurry to get back to whatever work he had been interrupted in. His clothes and his hands looked as if it *might* have been gardening or some sort of work around the engines. The water was deliciously colder after he had put in the ice but it tasted about the same.

Well, as we roared along for hours through that incomparable California interior, that immense, dry, treeless, dusty country, how I congratulated myself on being in one of your marvelous trains! If I, even traveling de luxe in an air-conditioned coach, was so nearly overcome by the heat that I could hardly breathe, what an inferno the outside atmosphere must be!

And then, after four hours of this delightful ride, with only another hour to go, I made a discovery. This is a good joke on you. *My coach wasn't air-conditioned at all!*

Or perhaps you always slip one ordinary-air coach in on each train, just for fun, and the joke is really on me. Well, I think I can take a joke as well as the next one. But, believe me, after the four stifling hours I'd survived, I'm willing to bet that air-conditioned coach I changed into felt a lot cooler to me and I enjoyed that last hour infinitely more than any of the passengers who had been riding in it the whole way. So, you see, after all, I had the best of it, don't you think? You know the saying about "he who laughs last"!

Just one other thing before I end this long letter about my pleasant journey. I had checked my suitcase through to Monterey, as I said before, but when I got out at Salinas I thought I'd just make sure it was transferred from the train to the bus. You know how women are! I found to my surprise that the suitcase hadn't been put on my train but would follow on the next one, two hours later. At first I was stupidly inclined to consider this a drawback, but thinking it over I realized I was misjudging the motives of the Southern Pacific men and women and that, of course, this arrangement was intended to give a final touch of pleasure to the trip. You see, it would make it possible for me to get home to Carmel at five, have something to eat and then enjoy the lovely ride back to Monterey again to call for the suitcase at seven. It's only about four miles over the hill. It really did make a delightful ending to a wonderful day.

It was terribly nice of you to suggest that if anything went wrong I should let you know. You may be sure that if I had been in the least little bit dissatisfied with your service I should have told you, because I know how hard you are trying to make all your passengers have "an enjoyable trip". I'm tickled to death that I can report that everything was just simply fine.

Cordially yours,

Dorothea Castelhun

\+ + +

"The wise man knows no distinctions; he beholds all men as things made for holy uses."

BY THE SEA . . . BY THE SEA

I love to lie upon the beach
With most of me in view;
To get a sizzling sunburn is
A jolly thing to do.

I don't mind eating sandwiches
That grate against the teeth,
Or drinking salty lemonade
That they were packed beneath.

I seldom lose my tember when
The sand gets in my eyes,
And when my nephew buries me
I merely show surprise.

Ahhhhh, I love to lie upon the beach!—
But what I'd rather do
Is get my sunburn on the roof
And leave the beach to you!!

—Shirlie Stoddard

LA COLLECTA MEETS

La Collecta Club met Wednesday at the home of Mrs. Eva French in Hatton Fields. There was a program of music and readings. Mrs. John Albee and Mrs. Clara L. Beller played a piano duet and Mrs. Albee sang "I Will Take You Back Again, Kathleen," accompanied by Mrs. Beller. Mrs. French sang an old time song, accompanied by Mrs. Andrew Sessink.

Mrs. Clara Nixon read a poem, "The School Teacher's Guests." Mrs. Albee read an article, "Fifty Years Ago." Mrs. French told the members about the origin of the Ladies of the G.A.R. in California.

PUBLIC STENOGRAPHER
Manuscripts Typed
Legal & Clerical Work
CORRESPONDENCE
Accurate and Reliable
Work called for all over Peninsula
Miss Leslie King
Old Post Office Bldg.
PHONE CARMEL 382 OR 87-J

Nettleton
TRADITIONALLY FINE
SHOES

CLEARLY . . . THE LEADING SPORT STYLE OF THE SEASON

Brown-and-white and black-and-white combinations are fashionably right. But when you get either of these combinations in the original Nettleton Algonquin, you have the shoe that is definitely the drum major of the season's hit parade.
Exclusive, patented, Nettleton hand-sewed seam; Nettleton refinement of detail; Nettleton Flat Bottoms; in short, Nettleton Quality—all for ten dollars.

CHARMAK & CHANDLER
OCEAN AVENUE
CARMEL

番長

Genuine Old Mandarin Necklaces of Chinese Amber

ZIRCONS IVORIES
AMBERS OPALS

Arabian and Indian
Semi-Precious and
Costume Jewelry

Merle's Treasure Chest
Seven Arts Building
Lincoln Street

ABSTRACTION

By ERIC O'DONOVAN

THE cold green waves had waited twenty years,
Then in a moment's fury wrecked the thing,
Torn it to bits and left a mass of splintered timber
Sprawled and grotesque lying in its filth and septic impotence.
The beach lay restive, but impersonal, tawny, lithe and smooth.
I watched the bubbling froth of those receding lips
Still hissing a subsiding satisfaction,
Marveled at the fragments of this symboled commentary
And ruminated on the simple annals of the village sewer.

The river used to wander here at will;
One winter tearing through the sand against the point
Where granite stopped the flood and poppies hung along the ledge in sleep,
Or it would lick the sand up toward the dunes and sweep it clean; clear to the brush and roots.
The flooding river, turgid with December rains, spat its mud into the willing sea
And wiped its lips with foam and jeweled sand for winter cleanness.
No one watched it but a cow or two, Joe, or Andrew Stewart, a herder, or we kids with salmon spears,
Innocently violating rules of sport and edicts of the Fish and Game Commission
In emulation of those nearly-native Carmelo Pajuche.

Concerned with progress, Frank Powers and J. F. Devendorf, devised sanitation for the village,
Incorporated what was called a "District" with a tax; this filled the little town with terror.
It knew the menace and the price of liberty and with eternal vigilance protested;
Held a meeting at the Arts and Crafts where Mr. Horn arose and in a thin frail voice entreated:
"It's taxation without representation, the same as what our forefathers fit fer!"
And with prophetic challenge—"The power to tax is the power to destroy—"

But Devendorf and Powers and progress won and when the votes were counted
The Carmel Development Company got a sewer for Pine Inn
And all the arty derelicts, maiden aunts and widows, who owned lots
Paid two and one-half cents on every hundred dollars of assessment.
Those who lived on Lincoln Street gave up their cesspools for a ten inch sewer
That drained into this septic tank obscenely set down on the River Beach,
Administered by a District Board, who posted signs "These waters are polluted."
And they were.

The timid Teal and Canvas Back, the Salmon and the Steel Head Trout
The one-legged Herons and the brownskinned boys
All left the place, even the poppies died
And if there are such things, the nature myths, the nymphs and dryads too.
Streets and houses came down near the shore
And people in white pants and shoes and motor cars, a dude-ranch and the Vanderbilts.
The busy, bourgeois Sea Gulls have appeared in consequence of sanitary economics
And circulate a winged atmosphere that's somewhat pastoral,
But Nature, poor step-dame, can not slake their drought—they clamor over artificial sewage;
Although this be the dialectic turn-spit of materialism, it's adventitious and unnatural.
The wise and sad are not deceived.

As I walked the beach, the sea still flowed, untarnished and unspoiled,
Seething with possibilities, contemptuous of the fetid trickle of measurable filth
Discharging from the havoc of exploded timbers,
Composed into a mass of flattened walls and angles, twisted, splintered and distraught.
Down the center, where the sand was quick and soft,
The sea licked up a sheath of foam and glistening water, undulating with a threat of waiting, but impatient malice.
It framed a picture of futility, grey and cold, malign and dreary.

I stood by and saw the chairman of the District Board advancing down the beach,
A puppet man against the sea, seemed impotent; a ripple of puerility
Distinguished doll, in tweeds and knickers, with pipe, a polished stick and white hair bared to winter's sun.
I felt he wore a little belt of civic scalps that he had won
And almost heard the childish echo, "Three times 'round and then they're done."
He was there, no doubt, to view the wreck; a visit for inspection and report,
(Or else, for its brief hour upon the stage, a passing shadow of a sort);
The mechanical encrusted on a scene of patient rage.

I knew his story; I'd heard it through; a serious, retired man and honest too.
This sewer was his pet, his ivory tower, his sublimation.
He'd even been to court in litigation, to prove the public character of the strand as "swamp and overflow,"
And hotly contradicted perjurers (and called them "so and so"), who swore the river never changed its bed,
Was quiet and tractable; had never been misled, to sweep the sand away, or liquidate the surveyed edges of the dunes.
Now as he stoutly stepped along the beach
I saw him unaware of that quick vein of percolating filth;
Heedless and unwise, respecting that dark underflow fed by the sea.
He stepped and sank and disappeared, without a cry, without surmise;
Complete inaction.
The hair, the pipe, the stick,
Snuffed out quite like a wick;
A perfectly sublime abstraction.

Unnerved, aghast, I fled away
From that weird vengeance out of yesterday.

Pon Chung Probably Still Thinks Ernie Schweninger Started Fire

This one is according to the Book of Schweninger. I was, says Ernie, scudding along Dolores street one sunny Sabbath, dreaming, without petulance, of the Fifth Ace. On the day previous, the last refulgent button had been sewn on the new pants of the Carmel Fire Brigade, the last thread bitten off, and the pants—that is, most of the pants—had been reluctantly hung in plain sight in the closet awaiting the gift of Prometheus.

But not all the pants. For, rounding the corner in full glow, came Pon Chung. The sun glanced off the blazing insignia on his breast, and it glanced at Ernie; and Ernie glanced back.

"Where," asked Ernie, "is the fire?"

"Him no fire," Pon admitted with wistfulness.

"Well, what the — that is, why the uniform?"

"We likee him. We wear him."

"Well, well," comforted Mr. Schweninger with that benignity born of the Seventh Day and the memory of a Full House, "You let me start a fire for you."

The doings of the next few hours are not of record. But some time during the afternoon some quite unnecessary grass up in Hatton Fields developed an opportunity and all the pants flew passionately out of their closets. Ernie got up from his place and went to look the situation over.

Standing in the middle of the burned area was Pon Chung. Unmoved. Regarding the honorable essence of fire. He saw Ernie.

"Ah," he said, running over and grinning with proprietary glee, "You start him fire. You start him fire."

\+ + +

Chinese characters are divided into pictograms (pictures of objects), ideograms (composite symbols standing for abstract ideas) and phonograms (compound characters to represent a spoken sound).

PUBLIC STENOGRAPHER
Manuscripts Typed
Legal & Clerical Work
CORRESPONDENCE
Accurate and Reliable
Work called for all over Peninsula
Miss Leslie King
Old Post Office Bldg.
PHONE CARMEL 382 OR 87-J

NOW 40
IN CARMEL MEANS TAXI
Telephone 40 and experience real Taxi Service DAY or NIGHT
Authorized Travel Information

THE BLUE BIRD
BREAKFAST · LUNCHEON · DINNER
DINNER 85¢
M. C. SAMPSON
TELEPHONE 161

番長

INSURANCE RATES
reduced
•
New Coverages Added
•
Investigate

MYRON M. GARDNER
CARMEL · TELEPHONE 175
MONTEREY · 371 ALVARADO
TELEPHONE 3794

潘長言董事勝券在握

The Pon Chung Edition *of* THE CYMBAL can be had, ready for mailing, for 10 cents

Just in Case...

YOU SHOULD WANT TO KNOW

(The Cymbal would welcome its attention being called to any errors or omissions in this array of facts. Telephone 77, or drop us a card.)

STATISTICS ON THE VILLAGE

Carmel is in a pine forest on the open-ocean slope of Monterey Peninsula, 130 miles south of San Francisco.

Carmel has an estimated population of 2800. Area, 425 acres or ⅔ of a square mile. Improved streets, 30 miles. Dwellings, 1237. Business licenses, 250.

Communities directly adjacent, but not within the city boundaries, are Carmel Point, with an estimated population of 150; Carmel Woods, 150, and Hatton Fields, 100.

Population of "metropolitan" Carmel is therefore 3200.

Also included in the area for which Carmel is the shopping center are Carmel Highlands, estimated population 100; Pebble Beach, 100; Carmel Valley, 100

Total population of Carmel district, 3500.

The original Carmel City, comprising what is now the north-east section within the present city limits, was founded in 1887. The city as is, under the official name of Carmel-by-the-Sea, was founded in 1903 and incorporated in 1916.

The United States Post Office, insistent on brevity, ignores the hyphenated tail, and calls us Carmel, for which most of us are duly thankful.

CITY OFFICES AND WHO ARE HOLDING THEM NOW

Elective city offices with their incumbents are:

Mayor and Commissioner of Finance—Everett Smith.

Commissioner of Streets, Sidewalks and Parks—James H. Thoburn.

Commissioner of Health and Safety—Clara N. Kellogg.

Commissioner of Police and Lights—Joseph A. Burge.

Commissioner of Fire and Water—Bernard Rowntree.

The above five form the City Council. They get no pay.

City Clerk and Assessor—Saidee Van Brower. Telephone 110.

City Treasurer—Ira D. Taylor.

Appointive offices with their incumbents are:

City Attorney—Argyll Campbell.

Police Judge—George P. Ross. Telephone 481.

City Inspector—B. W. Adams. Telephone 481.

Police Department —Chief Robert Norton. Patrolmen, Charles Guth, Earl Wermuth, Roy Praties. Telephone 131.

Fire department—Chief, Robert Leidig. Twenty-four members. Firemen are organized volunteers. They are not paid, but we are building them a nice fire house with ducky social quarters. Fire Alarm Telephone 100.

The City Hall, to which we point without pride, is on Dolores street, between Ocean avenue and Seventh, opposite the Pine Cone office.

The city council holds its regular meeting there on the first Wednesday after the first Monday of the month at 7:45 p.m.

PUBLIC LIBRARY

Ralph Chandler Harrison Memorial Library is at the north-east corner of Ocean avenue and Lincoln street. The hours are 11 a.m. to 6 p.m. and 7 p.m. to 9 p.m. Closed Sundays and holidays. Books are free to permanent residents. A charge of $3 a year is made to permanent residents in the Carmel district outside the city and owning no property inside it. A deposit of $3 is required of transients, retained at the rate of 25 cents a week during use of library.

The library possesses the Ralph Chandler Harrison collection of original etchings, part of which is continually on display. If you know anything about etchings you will be surprised and pleased.

Anybody living in the county may apply for a county card and obtain county library books through the Carmel library.

ART GALLERY

The Carmel Art Association Gallery, open to the public, displaying the original work of Monterey Peninsula artists, is on the west side of Dolores street, between Fifth and Sixth streets, a block and a half north of Ocean avenue. The hours are 2 to 5 p.m. every day except Monday. Mrs. Ethel Warren, curator.

CARMEL MISSION

Ecclesiastically known as Mission San Carlos Borromeo del Rio de Carmelo. Founded 1770 by Fray Junipero Serra. Drive south on San Carlos street, continuing on winding paved road quarter of a mile. Rev. Michael D. O'Connell, pastor. Telephone 750. Regular masses Sunday, 8 a.m. and 10 a.m. Visiting hours, week-days, 9 to 12 m., 1 to 5 p.m. Sundays, after masses.

CHURCHES

All Saints Church (Episcopal). East side of Monte Verde street, half a block south of Ocean avenue. Rev. Austin B. Chinn, rector. Telephone 155-W. Services: Holy communion every Sunday at 8 a.m. and on the first Sunday of every month also at 11 a.m. Morning prayer and sermon, 11 a.m.

Community Church. Lincoln street, half a block south from Ocean avenue. Rev. Homer S. Bodley, pastor. Telephone 977-J. Services: Worship, Sunday, 11 a.m. Sunday School, 9:45 a.m. Junior League, 5 p.m. Epworth League, 7 p.m.

First Church of Christ Scientist. East side of Monte Verde street, north from Ocean avenue a block and a half. Services: Sunday, 11 a.m. Sunday School, 9:45 a.m. Wednesday evening meeting, 8 p.m.

Christian Science Reading Room. South side of Ocean avenue near Monte Verde street, on the Court of The Golden Bough. Hours, 9 to 5 weekdays, and Tuesday and Friday evenings, 7 to 9. Holidays, 1 to 5. Telephone 499.

THEATERS

Filmart. West side of Monte Verde street, between Ninth and Tenth streets, Bare, lessee and manager. First and second run outstanding films. Two shows in evening, 7 and 9 o'clock; matinees, Saturday, Sunday and Wednesday, 2:30 p.m.

Carmel Theatre. In downtown district, Ocean avenue and Mission street. L. J. Lyons, resident manager. Regular motion picture programs every evening, with matinees Saturday and Sunday. Telephone 282.

POST OFFICE

South-east corner of Ocean avenue and Mission street. Irene Cator, postmaster.

Mail closes—For all points, 6:45 a.m. and 5:15 p.m. For all points except south, 12:15 p.m.

Mail available—From all points 10:45 a.m. Principally from north and east, 3 p.m. and 7:30 p.m. This includes Saturday, but the windows close on Saturday at 1 p.m. They are closed all day Sunday, but mail is placed in the boxes in the morning before 10:45 o'clock.

RAILWAY EXPRESS

South side of Seventh street, between Dolores and San Carlos streets. Ira D. Taylor, manager. Telephone 64.

TELEGRAPH

Western Union. East side of Dolores street, between Ocean avenue and Seventh street. Telephone Call Western Union.

Postal Telegraph. Telephone, Call Postal Telegraph.

BANKS

Bank of Carmel. North side of Ocean avenue between Dolores and San Carlos streets. Charles L. Berkey, manager. Telephone 12.

Monterey County Trust and Savings Bank (Carmel Branch). West side of Dolores street between Ocean avenue and Seventh street. J. E. Abernethy, manager. Telephone 920.

PUBLIC UTILITIES

Pacific Gas and Electric Company. West side of Dolores street, between Seventh and Eighth streets. L. G. Weer, manager. Telephone 778. If no answer, call 178.

Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Company. South-east corner of Seventh and Dolores streets. Telephone 20.

Water Company. Monterey County Trust and Savings Bank building on Dolores street. Telephone 138.

HOLES IN SOLES

Village Shoe Rebuilder. San Carlos street, just south of Ocean avenue. C. W. Wentworth. You may talk with him about New England.

TAXI SERVICE

Joe's 24-hour service. Ocean avenue, next to library. Telephone 15.

Greyhound 24-hour service, Ocean avenue and Dolores. Telephone 40.

STAGE SERVICE

Monterey stage office. Ocean avenue next to library. Telephone 15. Leave for Monterey, 8, 9:15 and 11:45 a.m. 12:45, 2:45, 4:50, 5:45 and 6:30 p.m. Arrive from Monterey, 9:15 and 11:30 a.m. and 12:30, 1:45, 3:30, 5:30, 6:30 and 7:15 p.m.

MONTEREY TRAINS

Southern Pacific Depot, Monterey. Telephone Monterey 4155. Northbound trains direct to San Francisco, 8:16 a.m. and 1:20 p.m. North-bound by railroad bus for connections at Salinas, 3:40 and 5:32 p.m. South-bound, railroad bus for connections at Salinas, 9:45 a.m and 8:53 p.m.

BUS SERVICE

Greyhound Lines. Main street, Monterey, in San Carlos Hotel building. Telephone 5887. Carmel information office, northwest corner of Dolores and Ocean avenue. Telephone Carmel 40.

Departures from Monterey: Northbound, 7:50 a. m.; south-bound, 9 a. m.; north and south, 9:40 a. m.; north, 1:05 p. m.; north, 4 p. m.; north and south, 6:51 p. m.; south, 10 p. m.

Arrivals at Monterey: from Salinas and south, 8:55 a. m.; north and south, 11:10 a. m.; north, 12:09 p. m.; north, 3 p. m.; north and south, 6:58 p. m.; north and south, 7:55 p. m.; south, 9:20 p. m.; north, 11:30 p.m.

Classified Ads.

A SUNNY HOME in Carmel is desired. Two or three bedrooms. We will pay $40 or $45 a month for a year's lease. The Cymbal thinks we would be nice tenants. Address Box XX3, The Cymbal.

GARDENERS! Do you need any black loam soil? If so, call Carmel 516. $6 per load delivered on the Peninsula.

JOB IN CARMEL offers for a saleswoman in rental department of long-established real estate office. Must be experienced and have car. Address Drawer B, Carmel.

JUST A BOTTLE OF MILK
TO YOU... IT'S A REPUTATION
TO US

For years and years
we have provided
Carmel with the best
there is in

MILK • CREAM
BUTTER • EGGS

EVEN 潘長 KNOWS THAT

Try Our Ice Cream
– IT IS GOOD

祐上汝天

or, in the language of
the great poet

LI PO

blessings of heaven
upon you

PON CHUNG

may your shadow never
grow less

ERNIE, JIM, GRACE,
HERMAN, MAC, MISS SALLY
AND PAUL

SEE HATTON FIELDS MESA
Choicest Homesites in Carmel

加美路置業公司